

# ANNALS OF IOWA.

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VOL. III. No. 4. DES MOINES, IOWA, JANUARY, 1898. THIRD SERIES.

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## PELLA—A BIT OF HOLLAND IN AMERICA.

BY CYRENUS COLE.

### I.

In the summer of 1847 seven hundred colonists from Holland came to Iowa and settled in Marion county on the divide between the Des Moines and Skunk rivers. In their own country they had been persecuted on account of their religion, being Dissenters from the established Reformed church, and therefore they called their new home Pella, meaning a place of refuge. Many of the colonists were animated by a desire to better their worldly condition, but the founding of the community was primarily a religious ceremony. Upon the seal of the new town they inscribed the words: In Deo Spes Nostra et Refugium, or, In God Our Hope and Refuge.

The religious movement which resulted in the founding of Pella was not one of the world's great movements. History has made but little record of it.\* The theological pamphleteers are dead, and their pamphlets are covered with dust. We shall walk for a few minutes in one of the byways of history; we shall, I hope, find the walking pleasant and the meditations profitable. The story of the people of Pella is one of the romances of the history of Iowa. It is a strange

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\*The history of Pella and surrounding country is being written by K. Van Stigt, under the auspices of the Hollandsche Oud-Nederzetter's Vereeniging,—Hollandish Old-Settlers' Association,—of that place. Two parts of the work have been published and a third part is to follow. I have drawn freely from that authentic source in the preparation of this paper. Mr. Van Stigt's lucid and elaborate history is written in the Dutch language.

thread woven into the cloth, giving it added color and strength. Those seven hundred immigrants, with later additions, are enrolled among the makers of Iowa. They endured the hardships of pioneer life and fulfilled all their duties to State and society in the deep consciousness that they were part of God's own plan.

## II.

To speak of religious persecutions in Holland is almost to contradict history. Holland is one of the cradles of both civil and religious liberty in Europe. Beginning with the Union of Utrecht, 1579, or, more properly with the Act of Abjuration, 1581, the Dutch Republic was "the common harbor of all sects and heresies." The persecuted of those days fled to the Netherlands and all found an asylum there. Holland was an earlier America. From France came Huguenots; from England, Pilgrims and Puritans; from Germany, Anabaptists and witches, and Jews from all countries. Holland, triumphant over the combined strength of the kings of Spain and the popes of Rome in the most tremendous struggle of Protestantism, decreed, under William the Silent, that no Catholic should be molested on account of religion. They refused to persecute those who had persecuted them. In the New World the Dutch both preached and practiced the same tolerance. No witches were burned in New York, which was settled by the Dutch. When the Quakers were driven out of Massachusetts, they were admitted to New Amsterdam (now New York) for there it was held that "at least the consciences of men ought to be free."

But the Holland of 1840 was not the Holland of 1640. There public had been turned into a monarchy, and the stadtholders had become kings. A clergy supported by the state had learned to use the civil power for its own ends, which were not always the ends of religion. Tolerance had become intolerance. Sturdy Calvinism had become fawning formalism. But all the old fires had not been put out. The men and women who came to Pella, while in Holland stood



true to the past of the Republic and the Reformation. They were of those who will not take their religion from the state, nor their politics from the church. They were men and women well adapted to play their part, or rather to do their duty, in the New World. They came from a royal race of freemen. All through European history the blood of these adherents of liberty runs as a stream of scarlet. Froude says that when Erasmus was born in Amsterdam, 1467, the Dutch were a free people "in the modern sense," and Hallam says that in Holland "self-government goes beyond any assignable date." Cæsar on his tour of European conquest found the Nervii, ancestors of the Dutch, the most stubborn defenders of their lands and their liberties, and, in recognition of their prowess he exacted from them no tribute except the tribute of blood. Charlemagne in his turn consented that it should be written in their statute books that "the Frisians shall be free as long as the wind blows out of the clouds and the world stands." The religious faith and the moral heroism of the war with Spain, lasting eighty years, is one of the world's best inheritances. "The spirit of the Dutch," said Sir Philip Sidney to Queen Elizabeth, "is the spirit of God and is invincible." This same spirit, I like to think, reappeared in the men and women who in 1834 revolted against the established church in Holland, and seven hundred of whom came to Pella in 1847.

### III.

The Pella Pilgrims in Holland believed in the complete separation of church and state. They opposed the established church because to them it had become an institution of form, instead of being an expression of faith. They insisted on a realignment with the Bible. When they saw they could not accomplish these reforms within the church, they became Separatists, as the English Pilgrim Fathers had been under Robinson and Brewster. Throughout we shall note a striking resemblance between the Pilgrims of Pella and the Pilgrims of Plymouth. The difference is mainly that between the seventeenth and nineteenth centuries.

A few words in regard to the connection between church and state in Holland are necessary to a clear understanding of this history. In no country did the Reformation make more rapid progress than in Holland where "the free spirit of the great mercantile communities was in singular harmony with the movement." Racially the people of Holland were closer to the Germans, but ecclesiastically they took their tone from France. They followed Calvin; not Luther. In the synod of Dort, Arminius opposed a free church, styling it a new popedom, while Gomarus, the champion of Calvinism, stood for a church independent of the state. From 1618 to 1795 the church in Holland was free, but not without periodic state intervention. Out of the Napoleonic reconstruction of Europe, Holland emerged a monarchy with a close ecclesiastical establishment. The church was governed by a commission of seven members appointed by the king from twice as many men nominated by the synod. The state used the church and the church used the state, each for its own ends. The church became worldly and the government tyrannical. It was against this that the people who cherished the old ideas revolted. The struggle was most marked in South Holland—Zuidholland—with its Rotterdam, the Hague, Leyden, Dort, Delft, Delfshaven and Gornichem, all famous in the struggles for civil and religious liberty in Europe.

The new reformation was led by a number of young men, many fresh from the universities and theological schools. Prominent among them were: H. P. Scholte, A. Brummelkamp, S. Van Velzen, G. F. Gezelle Meerburg, A. C. Van Raalte and H. de Cock. Of these men, Henry Peter Scholte, or Dominie\* Scholte, leader of the Dissenters who came to Iowa, was born in Amsterdam, September 25, 1805, and died in Pella, August 15, 1868. He was the son of a cabinet-maker and himself learned the carpenter's trade. But he had other aspirations. At the age of 17 he entered the

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\*The word, "dominie," Dutch spelling "dominee," is derived from the Latin "dominus," meaning master, and is applied, rather familiarly, in the Dutch churches to pastors.



University of Leyden. He served in the Belgian revolution and won a medal for bravery. On that occasion the national poet, Da Costa, dedicated to him a patriotic and religious poem. Entering the active ministry, Dominie Scholte soon gained the disfavor of the authorities, especially those in the department of instruction. He held church organizations to be of little importance to religion. He said he was by conscience "prevented from clothing his faith in the straight-jacket of ecclesiastical formalism." For these and other breaches he was expelled. The three congregations over which he had presided, thereupon seceded from the established church. On November 29, 1834, Dominie Scholte was tried, for teaching dissension, at Appingadam and at the conclusion was imprisoned. In his diary he recorded that in the adjoining cell was a common thief. "This may have a very gloomly outlook to you," he said to those of his friends and followers who sent word to him in prison, "but to me the outlook is glorious indeed." At the end of five days the good dominie was released. Another trial was had at Appingadam, February 20, 1835, which lasted eight days and as a result of which he was liberated. It cost him eight thousand guilders, about \$3,000, to defend himself against these prosecutions. On March 26, 1835, he was told to vacate, within three days, his residence as a pastor of the church. He went to Genderen, accompanied by his wife, who was ill with a fever.

In order to prevent the growth of the movement, the government sent a detachment of "kurassiers," soldiers, to the infected districts. From time to time, many were fined and some imprisoned. Under a section of the Code Napoleon the government denied the Dissenters the right to meet in assemblies of more than nineteen persons, larger assemblies being dispersed as mobs. But in spite of all the efforts of the government the new reformation spread rapidly. It became a religious enthusiasm. The meetings were held in barns, in pastures, and by the waysides. Haysheds and kitchens became temples. The local authorities and the soldiers were equally exasperating and oppressive. At one

time Dominie Scholte was preaching from a farmer's cart, when the soldiers came and ordered the people to disperse. The preacher continued with his sermon. The soldiers cut the cart into fragments, the dominie and his wife going down with the pieces. The audience sang psalms to drown the uproar. The psalm was their only weapon against the authorities. It is said that oftentimes they sang so fervently of the love of God that their persecutors were conscience smitten and departed.

#### IV.

I shall not further follow the history of these people in Holland. This paper has to do with how they came to America and what they did at Pella. From the "*Tijdschrift de Reformatie*," properly a series of pamphlets on the new religious movement, it appears that while the government relented in its persecutions, the Dissenters were in various ways harrassed and ostracised, especially by the regular church authorities. They came to feel the longing for a new fatherland. Some had already forsaken their native country. In 1841 America was referred to as a land to be desired, "where there are no Ministers of Religion, where separation between church and state is a verity, where no one is compelled to help support a clergy whose teachings he cannot accept, and where education is free indeed."

In August, 1846, a meeting for the purpose of promoting emigration was held at Utrecht. A commission was there appointed to consider applications for membership. The instructions were to receive only such persons as were sober, industrious, moral and religious. Applicants who were not personally known to the members of the commission were required to bring certificates as to their Christian conduct and character, and also as to their worldly condition. Roman Catholics were excluded from membership, not because of any hostility toward them, but because the desire was to form a colony of one mind on religious matters. They found afterwards that they had as many minds as persons in the colony. Those "picked Christians" were all active



theologians and trained in scriptural controversy. That they were "all preachers" passed into a proverb among them.

On December 25, Christmas day, the shareholders of the colony met at Utrecht to form a permanent organization. The following officers were elected: President, H. P. Scholte; Vice-President, A. J. Betten; Directors, J. F. Le Cocq, G. H. Overkamp, A. Wigny, and J. Rietveld. Isaac Overkamp was elected secretary.

From that time preparations were rapidly made for the emigration in the spring of 1847. Four ships, small sailing vessels, were chartered. The *Catherina Jackson*, the *Maasstrom*, and the *Nagasaki* sailed from Rotterdam and the *Pieter Floris*, from Amsterdam. The ships departed for America between the 4th and 11th of April, 1847. They carried in all, one hundred and sixty constituted "households," or families, together with a large number of both men and women who were compelled to leave their families and relatives as well as their native land. The historian of the colony says that there was much "struggling in prayer" and "heart-bleeding;" there was so much to hold them back, and so much to urge them forward. Many family bonds were irretrievably broken.

Religion is relentless in what it exacts from its devotees. The writer of this sketch may be permitted to cite the case of his own father, who was a member of the colony. Of all his people he alone had joined the Dissenters. His course was regarded by his family as scandalous and foolhardy. But he asked for his portion, his father being dead, and did not wait for a blessing. An uncle in vain tempted him with the prospect of a substantial inheritance. He gave up all, including his mother. He had read, and he believed, that those who forsake all, for Christ's sake, shall inherit in this world a hundred fold and in the world to come, everlasting life. His mother followed him to where the boat was waiting and would hardly be shaken off. That was the last meeting and the last parting between mother and son. One heart was forever broken there, and in America, in after years, one head must often have been bowed in remembrance

of her. But he never uttered a regret, though all family ties remained broken, for in his heart was the determination of a man who believed in the pride of right, strangely linked with the humility of one who sought to do the works of righteousness, as if in the sight of God daily. This incident is no part of the history I am writing. It is recorded, as an incident throwing light on the character and the coming of the first settlers of Pella, and, also, as a son's acknowledgment of an indebtedness which can never be paid in the coin or service of this world.

## V.

Crossing the Atlantic is now a trip of a few days. In 1847 it was still a journey of many weeks. Of the four ships, the *Catherina Jackson* was only twenty-six days at sea; the others, from thirty-six to fifty days. For some of the passengers the voyage was fraught with danger. The ships were not new, nor first-class. At least one of them, the *Catherina Jackson*, was no longer seaworthy. On the first or second succeeding trip, loaded with a cargo of freight, she went down to the bottom of the Atlantic. The sailors were some of them English and some Dutch. Many of the crews were blacks. Order and cleanliness were strictly enforced. A temporary government, civil and ecclesiastical, was instituted on each ship. Each was a kind of miniature, psalm-singing republic. Religious services were held daily. The rude sailors came to respect greatly their strange passengers. It is told how the roustabout blacks were especially moved by the religious services; the long meter psalms held them spell bound. The captains all testified that never before had they carried across the Atlantic such exemplary people. They could not understand why they had been compelled to leave their native land. When the ships reached Baltimore, the health officers of the port came on board. They were so pleased with the cleanliness of the ships—the proverbial Dutch scrubbing brushes had been plied until their sea quarters were as clean as their kitchens in Holland had been—that they omitted the usual inspections. “Oh,



these immigrants are all right," they said. One of them added to some of the rosy-cheeked girls: "Welcome to America." At least one of those who heard that welcome never forgot the words. How a word of welcome, spoken under such circumstances, lives on and on in a human heart!

How glad they were at the sight of land, though a strange land! Maryland was beautiful in the verdure of May. But Baltimore bewildered these men and women of strong faith and austere lives. The American city seemed to them both dirty and wicked. Baltimore was even then a large seaport, but in 1847 it had few pavements; in most of the streets people waded through the mud, and, according to the accounts of the colonists who landed there in that year, chickens, hogs and cows roamed at will in many parts of the city. Before they had taken their effects from the ships they realized that they had made many mistakes. Supposing they were going to a wilderness, they had brought all manner of household goods and work tools with them: chests, cabinets, plows, farm wagons—all useless in America. They had many more things to unlearn, and many more to learn. From Baltimore inland they traveled by the primitive American railroad. In this emergency there was developed a veritable Æneas—it was Æneas who carried his father from burning Troy. One of the immigrants found, just before the train was ready to start, that his mother, an invalid, had been left behind. He ran frantically through the streets trying, in Dutch, to make some one understand that he wanted a conveyance. But they could not understand him. He was too Dutch and too excited. In despair he picked up his mother and in his arms carried her through the streets filled with gaping people to where the train was waiting. This Æneas was Dirk Synhorst; he stood six feet high and as sturdy as a giant.

From Baltimore to Columbus, Pennsylvania, the journey was by railway; from Columbus to Harrisburg, by canal-boat; from Harrisburg to Johnstown, by railway; from Johnstown to Pittsburg, by canal-boat; from Pittsburg to

Cincinnati, by steamboat on the Ohio river, and from Cincinnati to St. Louis by steamboat on the Ohio and Mississippi rivers. The journey was tedious and tiresome. The American railway was still in its beginnings. The cars were small, hardly accommodating eight persons comfortably. They were jerked and jolted over rough roadbeds. The little cars were drawn up the steeper grades by stationary engines. Whenever they came to one of these ascents there were fears and screamings. What if the cables should break! These people were unused to mountains. They had lived in a country perfectly flat and level. They were like the Frieslander who innocently told De Amicis, the Italian traveler, that some day he intended to go and see the Wiesselschebosch. The Italian asked what that was. The Frieslander said it was a *mountain* in Gelderland, near the village of Apeldoorn, "one of the highest in the country."

"How high is it?" asked the Italian.

"One hundred and four metres"—three hundred and odd feet!

In the canal-boats they were packed like herrings in boxes. They were used to canal-boats in Holland—picturesque craft drawn on strips of water through green fields where grazed the Dutch national animal—the Holstein cow; but the American canal boats climbed mountains by means of locks, crossed rivers on viaducts and passed under mountains through tunnels. In all they were three weeks in making the journey from Baltimore to St. Louis. But in spite of the many inconveniences, those who made that journey in 1847 never tired of praising the beauties of nature. They had never seen anything so romantic. What writings are left of that time all show the ecstasies which were mingled with the uncertainties of the journey. The clear skies, the bright suns, the vast hills, the great valleys and the green woods of early spring in America! The "Godly observer," wrote one, could only exclaim, in the words of the poet:

"Hoe groot zijn, Heer Uw werken."\*

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\*"How great are, Lord, Thy works."



St. Louis was reached in the first days of July. They had been three months on the journey from Rotterdam, or Amsterdam to the Mississippi river.

The colonists tarried in St. Louis during all of July and part of August. Their lodgings were poor, their food no better, and they were entirely unaccustomed to the insufferably hot weather. In consequence there were a large number of deaths. On the journey from Baltimore to St. Louis four had died and on the sea voyage, twenty, eighteen of whom were children. Probably thirty in all, or one in twenty-five, laid down their lives. Such a death list throws light on the vicissitudes of traveling in 1847. "They died like Christians," it is recorded, "witnessing that death was their gain." The American welcome everywhere was so cordial that the colonists could not sufficiently express their gratitude. In St. Louis, one of the Presbyterian churches\* was thrown open to them. They used it for both church and Sunday-school services.

The report had everywhere preceded them that the Hollanders were the possessors of almost fabulous wealth. These rumors had been widely published in the newspapers of the cities through which they passed. As a matter of fact there was plenty of money among them, all gold and all carefully guarded. Money in America was scarce in those days, especially west of the Mississippi river. The rumors of their wealth caused them many inconveniences, and whatever they bought they were made to pay higher prices for than were charged German and Irish immigrants, who at that time abounded and who had the reputation of being, generally, very poor.

At St. Louis, Dominie Scholte who had made a tour of the eastern cities, Boston, New York, Albany, Washington and other places in the interest of the future settlement, rejoined the colony. In his writings he speaks particularly about

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\*There is a close correspondence between the Presbyterian and Dutch Reformed churches. Both have their foundations in Calvinistic confessions—Westminster and Dort, respectively. In faith and form the Dutch church corresponds more exactly, in fact, almost exactly with the United Presbyterian.

the cordiality of the authorities in Washington. Of Boston he did not form a high opinion, speaking religiously. The Emerson school was in vogue, with its Unitarian and Universalist tendencies. The good dominie referred to the city as the capital of "Amerikaansche rationalismus." But he was most at home in New York and Albany, where he found so many of the descendants of Hollanders. He was welcomed by some whose ancestors had come from Holland when New York State was still "Nieuw Nederlandt," and New York City, still "Nieuw Amsterdam," two hundred years before. In both New York City and Albany, Dominie Scholte preached in his native language. "Everywhere," he wrote of his reception in New York State, "the name of Hollander is a title of honor." Some of the ministers referred to the Pella colonists, not as immigrants, but as missionaries who were journeying westward to Christianize the heathen regions of America.

From St. Louis they sent out "spies after the manner of the children of Israel" of old, to find a suitable location for a settlement. The spies, or commissioners, were five in number, H. P. Scholte, Isaac Overkamp, Jan Rietveld, Teunis Keppel and G. Van der Pol. Immigrants were in great demand in 1847; Dutch immigrants were at a high premium. Many locations were offered them and many flattering inducements held out. Illinois was somewhat of a temptation. I have been told that the town of Nauvoo, which had just been vacated by the Mormons, was offered them 'at a bargain.' Missouri was objectionable because of the existence of the slavery question. Texas held out so many inducements that the cautious Dutch came to the conclusion there was something the matter with Texas. From the first, Iowa was the most favored place. The State was not yet one year old, having been admitted into the Union in the preceding December. The commissioners at once went to Iowa. They avoided the "half-breed" tract, in the southeastern part of the State, because of the defective land titles. They went to Fairfield where Gen. Van Antwerp was in charge of the government land office. The name,



Van Antwerp, was attractive to them, being Dutch. At Fairfield the burial of a child of the registrar had an important bearing on the location of the colony. At the funeral, Dominie Scholte met the Rev. M. J. Post, in whom, he says, he "noted the hand of God." Mr. Post was a Baptist missionary preacher, or circuit rider. He had seen all the lands of the "New Purchase." After some urging he conducted the commissioners to the divide in Marion county and said: "This is the garden spot of Iowa." There, accordingly, they bought two civil townships of land, paying to the government \$1.25 per acre. Some of the land had previously been entered by a band of American settlers who had invaded the tract as early as 1843, and these "claims" they purchased outright. This done, they returned to St. Louis with the glad tidings that they had found their future abode, but it remained for them to carve their homes out of the wilderness.

The journey was at once resumed, a steamboat being chartered from St. Louis to Keokuk. They departed Saturday afternoon and reached Keokuk on Monday morning. On the intervening Sunday a triumphal religious service was held on board. The preachers likened the colonists to the Israelites about to enter the Promised Land. At Keokuk, a heavy rain was falling when they arrived, and their first impressions of Iowa were therefore not agreeable. As best and quickest they could, they gathered their goods in wagons, which they purchased, together with horses and oxen to draw them, from those who had come to offer such for sale. They paid for everything in gold, which surprised and delighted the Americans who were unused to such money in the West. There were many amusing, and some pathetic incidents at Keokuk. The writer's grandfather, Mathias de Booy, bought a wagon and span of horses for \$250, placed in the wagon all the Lares and Penates, and on top of the household goods and gods, the children, three sturdy young men and two budding young women. But when the word was given to the horses, they refused to go a step, however much their new owner talked to them about the urgent necessity of doing so. He was fast arriving at

the conclusion he had bought a span of balky horses, when, fortunately, a bystander, who had been a much amused spectator, stepped forward and assured him that the horses were all right in every respect, except that they did not understand Dutch fluently. The stranger thereupon addressed the horses in the vernacular of Keokuk and immediately they started so briskly that the driver began to wonder whether they would understand enough Dutch ever to stop again.

This same good man had an experience in St. Louis which will throw some light on the dress worn by the colonists. He brought over the ocean with him three suits of knickerbockers, shoes with buckles, stockings, cutaway coats, soft flowing ties and all. One fine Sunday morning he decided to put on his very best and go to church. His daughter who helped him "fix up" was very proud of him as he sauntered out. In the course of a little time he came running back, all out of breath, pursued by a lot of little street gamins who had been throwing sticks and even brickbats at his trouserless legs. His first exclamation was "what bad boys they have in America!" When he learned it was due to the peculiarity of his dress he laughed heartily over the incident and remarked: "We will have to sew pieces to the trousers." Fifty years later the knickerbockers had again come into style in St. Louis, through the instrumentality of the bicycle. Fashions, like everything else, move in a cycle.

It was a curious procession that made its way up the valley of the Des Moines. Quite a spectacle it must have been for the "natives." There were men and women in strange garb, and speaking a strange language. Some rode in wagons drawn by horses and some in carts drawn by oxen. Some rode on horses and many went afoot. The men were broad-shouldered and the women fair-faced. The men were in velvet jackets and the women in caps and bonnets the like of which had never before been seen in Iowa.

After a journey of several days, during which the houses gradually disappeared, they came, on August 26th, 1847, to a level place, where stood a hickory pole with a shingle nailed to the top and on the shingle the single word, "Pella."



"But, Dominie, where is Pella?" "We are in the midst of it," he replied. But the dominie's little daughter, Johanna, like the little girl in the fairy story of Hans Christian Andersen, could not see anything at all. She thought to herself, "This Pella is all a make-believe."

## VI.

I shall not go into the details of the building of Pella. It was almost September. Winter was before them. They were on an open prairie. There was no shelter, except a few log houses left by the "squatters" of 1843. The Des Moines river flowed a few miles to the south of them, and the Skunk river, a few miles to the north. There was an abundance of timber on the banks of either stream. From a distant saw mill they procured lumber to build the first house. It was a long structure, of boards upright. The space within was divided into compartments, each allotted to a family. The rest went to work and made "dug outs." That is, they dug cellars, generally on the southern slope of a hill, placed green rafters across the top and then piled on straw, or slough grass, of which there was an abundance. For flooring some used planks; many more used the bare earth. A board or two, or some old coat, served for a door. The settlement became known as the "Strooijen stad" or "Straw City." The winter spent in such primitive abodes has ever been a distinct era in the minds of the colonists. Many of the incidents, some amusing and more pathetic, have remained in circulation among them even to this day. One is the story of a cow, which, finding better grazing on the straw-covered roof of one of the "dug outs", gradually climbed upon the roof, and finally fell through it to the great alarm of the peaceful burgher and his wife who were sleeping below. But in spite of these discomforts, one who lived through them all says: "Many times I have looked back to that winter as one of the happiest of my life. There was love, unity and mutual helpfulness. We were happy. We spent our evenings in psalm-singing and in edifying, Christian conversation."

I can not refrain from quoting briefly from an article

written by Professor Newhall, a pioneer correspondent, who has left a picture of Pella as it was in the year one. He passed through the new town just three weeks after the Hollanders reached the place. He wrote to *The Burlington Hawkeye*: "Methinks I hear you exclaim, 'Where is Pella?'. Not the ancient city of Macedonia, but the foreshadowing of the famous Holland settlement which has recently been located upon our beautiful prairies of the New Purchase. To tell you this would be like telling you fiction. . . Just about two months ago I halted about sunset at a lone cabin on the ridge road midway between Oskaloosa and the Racoon Forks. . . Again today (the 17th of September) about noon, I find myself dashing along this beautiful road. I did not dream, neither was I in a trance, for my eyes beheld the same beautiful earth clothed in its rich garniture of green — yet I discovered a new race of beings. The men in blanket coats and jeans were gone. And a broad-shouldered race in velvet jackets and wooden shoes were there. . . Most of the inhabitants live in camps, the tops covered with tent cloth, some with grass and bushes. The sides barricaded with countless numbers of trunks, boxes and chests of the oddest and most grotesque description. . . They are all Protestants who have left their native land, much like the Puritans of old, on account of political and religious intolerance and persecution. . . They appear to be intelligent and respectable, quite above the average class of European immigrants that have ever landed on our shores."

Three things they did in Pella before all else. They made provision for the worship of God, for the instruction of the youth, and for citizenship. They observed the first Sunday in Pella and they have observed every Sunday since. The first religious services were held in the open air; the next in a private cabin, and by March, 1848, they had completed a substantial structure, 25 by 50 feet, which served them as church building, school house and assembly hall. The only planed lumber in the structure was in the pulpit. The first instruction was in both the Dutch and English languages. As soon as it was possible all public instruction was in the



English, and all public instruction has been continued in that language since. Three weeks after their arrival, an officer of the courts was sent for and all the male adults declared their intention to become citizens of the United States. They put off the old and put on the new citizenship as soon as possible. Professor Newhall, from whom I have already quoted, has left a good description of this interesting ceremony, which took place while he was in Pella, probably on September 17, 1847. In his letter to *The Burlington Hawk-eye* he wrote: "It was altogether an impressive scene, to behold some two hundred men with brawny arms upraised to heaven eschewing all allegiance to foreign powers, potentates, etc. And as they all responded in their native tongue to the last word of the oath, 'so help me God', no one could resist the heartfelt response. . . All seemed to feel the weight of the responsibility they were about to assume. . . A fact worth recording during the ceremony before the clerk of the court was that of the whole number who took the oath of intended citizenship but two made their marks."\*

At the regular session of the Iowa legislature, 1848, a bill was passed, and approved by the governor, empowering the people of Pella to hold forthwith a township election. They voted for President of the United States for the first time in 1852, most of them voting for Franklin Pierce, the Democratic nominee. They took their first politics largely from their American neighbors. They were also suspicious of the Whig party because of the encroachments of Know Nothingism. When the Republican party was organized, many cast their political lot with it, and many more became Republicans during the war for the Union to which the colony made a liberal offering of its best young men. Dominie Scholte was among those who became Republicans. He was sent as a delegate and was elected one of the vice-presidents

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\*Education is general in Holland and has been for many centuries. In 1583 it was laid down in one of the laws that education "is the foundation of the commonwealth." Douglass Campbell says that "the first free schools in America, open to all and supported by the government, were established by the Dutch settlers of early New York." Those of New England were not free to the same extent. This is also stated by Andrew S. Draper, *Educational Review*, April, 1892.

of the convention which nominated Lincoln in 1860. The majority of the people of Pella, however, have remained true to the Democratic party.\*

A survey of the town was made on the 2d of September, 1847, by Claiborne Hall, the county surveyor. He laid out eight blocks into sixty-four lots, surrounding the Garden Square. The nomenclature of the streets and avenues was unique. The streets, running east and west, were named: Columbus, Washington, Franklin, Liberty, Union, Independence, and Peace. The avenues, running north and south, were named: Entrance, Inquiry, Perseverance, Reformation, Confidence, Expectation and Fulfilling. Here is a combination of politics and religion which showed the ends the colonists aimed at in their life in America. At the same time they began to till the soil. The farmers went to work with a willingness that had never been excelled even in America. Nature encouraged them much for they had come to a region where they had but to tickle the soil with a hoe, as Douglas Jerrold says, to make it smile with a harvest. But they had much to learn about plowing and sowing, about sunshine and rain, and about soils and crops in their new land.

I may add here some first things in Pella. The first schoolmaster was Isaac Overkamp, assisted by Henry Hospers, now of Orange City, and James Muntingh. The first justices of the peace were H. P. Scholte and Green T. Clark, a pioneer among pioneers. Mrs. Post, the wife of the guide and missionary, opened the first hostelry. Wouters & Smeenk opened the first "store." H. P. Scholte and E. H. Grant established the first newspaper, in 1855, *The Pella Gazette*, printed in English. It was at that time the farthest west newspaper in Iowa, except on the Missouri slope, *The Des Moines Star* having suspended publication. In 1860 the first paper in the Dutch language, *The Weekblad*, was founded by Henry Hospers. The first winter was a mild one. In May, 1848, they were visited by the first American tornado, which struck down many of their temporary residences. Their

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\*In this respect Pella is said to be unique among the Dutch settlements in America, in all others the predominating political faith being Republican.







*Your sincere friend,  
Henry Hospers.*

HON. HENRY HOSPERS.

Founder of Orange City, Iowa; Representative in the 23d, and State Senator  
in the 26th and 27th General Assemblies.

first sight of an American snow storm, or series of storms, was during the winter of 1848-9 when the snow was piled from three to ten feet deep. By that time some of the weaker-hearted ones began to long, at times, for peaceful old Holland, with religious and civil persecutions thrown in. But they kept the American faith, and continued the good fight.

## VII.

From 1848 to 1855 there were large annual additions to the colony. In 1856 there were probably two thousand people in the settlement. The immigration after that year was less distinctly religious, and less heroic. They have prospered as a community, almost beyond all expectations. The two original townships have long since been too small for them and their descendants. The settlement is now nearly forty miles long and ten to fifteen miles wide. They buy land continually, but seldom sell. They have absorbed several neighboring villages. There has always been a conservative, "old-fashioned" element in the center, but the outlying "provinces" of Pella are liberal and thoroughly Americanized. Theology is blue at the center, but it grows paler toward the circumference. The home language is still the Dutch in most places, but the public language is always the English, which alone is taught in the schools.

Holland, after England, has been the mother of colonies. Her colonial possessions even today are, in population, next to those of England, France being third. The Dutch, like the English, have been preeminently home makers and nation builders. This national instinct has shown itself in the people of Pella. In 1870 they sent a colony to Sioux county, where they founded Orange City, under the leadership of Henry Hospers, now a State senator. This "first born of Pella" has repeated the success of the "mother colony." In 1878 a Kansas colony was organized, but the drouths in that state put a timely end to the undertaking. There are small Pella settlements in Nebraska and also in South Dakota.

In 1851 the government of Holland modified the relations between state and church, thus allaying, in a measure, the movement which resulted in the emigration of so many of the best people from the Netherlands. Some years later the King of Holland, William III., sent Rev. Cohen Stuart, one of the learned men of Holland, to carry his greetings to his former subjects, the people of Pella, coupled with an acknowledgment and regret that they had been ill-treated in their own land. They were glad to hear the King was sorry. But they were more glad in the consciousness of an American citizenship which had become dear to them all. In a religious sense the people of Pella have not always been able to agree. By 1856 they had at least four church organizations, each slightly at variance with the other. Men of such vigorous beliefs and independent minds, men with whom theology was the most serious matter of life, would naturally be unable to agree. In due time the main body of Christians accepted membership in the Reformed Protestant Dutch Church, now called the Reformed Church of America, which has its parent organization in New York City, dating back to the first settlements by the Dutch.\*

The navigation of the Des Moines river was one of the delusions of the times. In Pella this delusion took the form of a great venture. A company was formed to build and operate steamboats. At its head was A. E. Dudok Bousquet, one of the prominent men of the community. It is needless to say they wrecked the fortunes they invested. In anticipation of this steamboat traffic they laid out a city on the Des Moines river, about three miles from Pella, and called this "port of Pella," New Amsterdam, a name everywhere dear to Hollanders because associated with their naval and commercial greatness. Front street of New Amsterdam was on the Des Moines river and Back street, on the beautiful Lake Prairie, which has since been a "mud hole." There

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\*This church is often confounded with the German Reformed church, now called the Reformed Church in the United States. The two organizations are entirely distinct, the one having its origin in Germany and the other in Holland. Both belong to the great family of Calvinistic Presbyterian churches.



was, especially on paper, an elaborate system of streets and avenues, of parks and market places. Plans were drawn for a system of canals, penetrating all parts of the city to be, for, with Dutch fervor they said, "what is a city without canals?" Lots in Pella were worth \$50; in Amsterdam, \$100. The site of the latter is now a tangle of jimson weeds and brushwood.

In 1853, the Baptists of Iowa, having received substantial encouragement from the people of Pella, located there Central University, which was designed to be the denominational college. Prof. E. H. Scarff was elected the first president. The school was opened immediately, although the main building was not erected until 1856. The school has exerted a large influence on the community, especially in the Americanization of the people. Central University soon became one of the leading colleges of the State. It was one of the pioneers of education in the trans-Mississippi West and was from the first, co-educational. When the war broke out one hundred and twenty-seven professors and students, including every one able to bear arms, enlisted. Not one remained behind. Many of the young women went as army nurses. In the college library there stands a simple slab of marble on which are chiseled the names of the five and twenty who never came back from the war, or who came back to die. It is one of the tender and proud spots in the history of the colony and the university which was founded there by the Baptists.

In 1850 the gold fever spread all over the country. Pella was on one of the State highways and the stream of gold-seekers passed through its streets. The movement of those wild pioneers toward the far Pacific is still remembered in Pella. Thousands passed through the colony. Some walked, some rolled wheelbarrows and hand-carts before them, some went in wagons drawn by horses or mules and some in veritable cabins on wheels drawn by six, or even ten yoke of oxen. They carried all manner of kitchen utensils, food and clothing. Some of the "caravans" were miles in length, all moving toward the setting sun. A

few of the people of Pella were seized by the desire and went to California. They were stirring days and full of interest to the new comers. Ten years later came the passing of soldiers to the "front" along the same highway. In that patriotic movement scores of the young men of the colony joined and many gave their lives for their adopted country.

Such are the principal events that helped to shape the destiny of the colony. During all those years they labored without ceasing, making the wilderness a garden of agricultural Iowa. In no part of the West has farming been made more profitable. Among them industry and thrift have been predominant qualities. Of the customs and manners peculiar to them many still survive. They are a people without pretenses, sincere in all things. In their dealings with men they are strictly upright. Their word is as good as their bond. In religion they have been among the strictest. In olden times (the custom has lapsed much) the Bible was read daily in every home. There was a prayer before each meal, and after each, a chapter of the Bible and another prayer—three times a day, summer and winter. It was a restful, strong, tenacious life and strangely at variance with the hasty, reckless life of the early prairies. The homes are always clean and wholesome—there the women are supreme. In every respect the family is an exact and co-equal partnership. In every home from nine to ten in the morning is "coffee time," and from four to five is "tea time." What saintly gossip has been talked in Pella around those hospitable mid-meal boards! Wine, generally home made, was frequently served. From the Americans they learned to use a "little whisky" in harvest time, and German brewers introduced beer. The colony was founded in sobriety, almost in abstemiousness. On arriving at Keokuk one among the seven hundred partook of too much liquor and it was recorded in one of the pamphlets of the time that "the Christian organization no more recognizes him as a member of it."

## VIII.

I have spoken of the Hollanders who settled at Pella as strangers in a strange land. But they were not strangers to

American institutions. They had two centuries of republican government back of them. William Dean Howells, upon his return from Europe recently, finely expressed this thought. "Holland," said he, "was very interesting to me, because Motley made it so. His portrait is in the queen's palace. . . I think in Holland you feel the atmosphere of a former republic. The Dutch seem a very free people, and, England excepted, I think one feels more at home there than in any other country in Europe." Fifty years ago, when the pioneers of Pella left Holland, this "atmosphere of a former republic" was much more potent.

The Dutch have always governed themselves. I have already quoted the testimony of Hallam that "in Holland self-government goes beyond any assignable date." I may add that of Froude. Erasmus was born in Amsterdam, 1467, a quarter of a century before the discovery of America. Even then, says Froude: "The country in which Erasmus came into the world was the rival of Italy in commerce and art and learning." The Netherlanders,\* he adds, were "tenacious of their liberties, and fierce in asserting them; governed by their own laws and their own representatives—a free people in the modern sense. . . If the mind of a man inherits its qualities from the stock to which he belongs, there was no likelier spot in Europe to be the birthplace of a vigorous and independent thinker."† Such is Froude's testi-

\*"Netherlands" and "Holland" are used generally without distinction. The former is the official designation of the country we call Holland. Historically "the Netherlands" included Belgium, especially the lower provinces: Antwerp, Brabant, Flanders, East and West, and Limbourg, where the language is Flemish, or Dutch. These provinces include the great towns of Brussels, Antwerp, Ghent, Burges, Malines, etc. "Flemish" and "Dutch" are used almost without distinction. The *Encyclopedia Britannica* uses "South Dutch" for Flemish and "North Dutch" for Hollandish. In a Flemish book of 200 pages the writer in the *Encyclopedia* found only 200 expressions which differed in any respect from the Dutch. The modern Belgians speak Walloon (French) or Flemish (Dutch). The former is the official language, but the latter is spoken by the majority. In the revolt against Spain, the Flemish provinces at first joined, but afterwards deserted, and remained with Spain. The provinces which stood loyal to Spain were ruined; those which stood loyal to convictions became the rulers of the world.

†Froude's "Life and Letters of Erasmus," Lecture I. Froude asks seriously whether civilization would not have been advanced had the Reformation followed the lines laid down by Erasmus instead of those by Luther. John Fiske says that, "it has been well said that while Luther has been the prophet of the Reformation that has been, Erasmus was the prophet of the Reformation that is to come." Erasmus had a superabundance of learning; Luther, of combativeness.



mony. One hundred and fifty years after the birth of Erasmus, when Shakespeare was writing, says Taine, "In culture and instruction, as well as in the arts of organization and government, the Dutch are two centuries ahead of the rest of Europe."

In seeking an explanation for this early self-government and civilization in the Netherlands, we come first of all to the fact that Holland is a man-made country, reclaimed from the sea. The genesis of their freedom is in the fact that the Dutch are self-made people. Their country was small; in its heroic age hardly larger than some congressional districts in Iowa.\* This forced them to take to the sea—fisheries, commerce and colonies followed. In Elizabeth's time, Sir Walter Raleigh said that the ships of Holland "outnumber those of England and ten other kingdoms." Their ships brought them not only wealth, but they brought them in contact with other civilizations, especially the learning of Italy—literature, music, painting and statesmanship all flourished under the republic which was established on the ruins of the Spanish government in the Netherlands. The Dutch became great against resistance. They thrived on opposition. It took that to bring out their strength. "The stubborn courage of the Dutch" became a proverb. Through all they were democratic. The Spanish ambassadors who came to arrange the truce of 1609, saw a few men in simple garb sit down on the grass by a canal, and, after a prayer had been said, eat a meal of bread and cheese.

"Who are those peasants?" asked one Spaniard resplendent in gold.

"They are the ambassadors from the States General."

"Then I shall advise the king of Spain to make his peace with them—for such a people can never be conquered."

I think that religion also had much to do with the perfection of freedom in Holland. The Dutch, as I have already stated, took their religion from France; from John Calvin. Calvinism in Dutch blood meant the determination

\*In 1833 Holland had 8,768 square miles of surface. By 1877 it had been increased by drainage to 12,731 square miles.

of man united with the pre-determination of God—an invincible union. The Reformation of Europe divided itself, broadly, into three branches. Lutheranism, which occupied Germany and the Scandinavian countries; Episcopacy, which occupied England, and Calvinism, which occupied Holland and Scotland\*, and portions of France and England and Switzerland. In the broader sense, it may be said that the Calvinists are the Puritans of history. The term is properly no longer limited to the Englishmen of that faith. In France these Puritans, or Huguenots, were outnumbered by the Catholics and in England by the Episcopacy. In the Netherlands they constituted both the state and the church. They made Holland the Republic of the Reformation.

The political bearings of these religions may be noted briefly. In Germany, Luther closed his great work by teaching that "it is a heathenish doctrine that a wicked ruler may be deposed." Cranmer in England taught that "God's people are called to render obedience to governors, although they may be wicked and wrong-doers, and in no case to resist."† Luther and Cranmer were hardly cold in death, before a very different doctrine was proclaimed at the Hague in the Dutch Declaration of Independence, against the king of Spain: "All mankind know," reads the preamble of that great paper, "that a prince is appointed by God to cherish his subjects, even as a shepherd to guard his sheep. When therefore, the prince does not fulfill his duty as a protector; when he oppresses his subjects, destroys their ancient liberties, and treats them as slaves, he is to be considered not a

\*There is a striking similarity between the Scotch "Kirk" and the Dutch "Kerk," which are the words for church. In origin and faith the two organizations are the same, practically. This causes Amelia E. Barr in her "Bow of Orange Ribbon," a story of the Dutch of New York, to make one of her characters, a Scotchman, say: "There are wise folk that say the Dutch and the Lowland Scotch are of the same stock, and verra gude stock it is,—the women of baith being fair as lilies and thrifty as bees, and the men just a wonder o' everything wise and well spoken o'. For-bye, baith o' us—Scotch and Dutch—are strict Protestors. The Lady o' Rome never threw dust in our een, and neither o' us would put our noses to the ground for either powers spiritual or powers temporal." Historically this is correct, the Lowland Scotch having a Saxon, or Teutonic basis.

†Quoted by Bancroft, "History of United States," Vol. I., Chap. XIX.

prince, but a tyrant. As such, the estates of the land may lawfully and reasonably depose him, and elect another in his room."

This Act of Abjuration was issued at the Hague July 26, 1581. The document is to the Dutch republic what the Declaration of July 4th, 1776, is to the American republic. Douglass Campbell says: "This is one of the most important documents in history. A translation of it was found among the papers of Lord Somers and is published in his 'Tracts.' That great statesman used it as a model for the famous Declaration of Rights by which England, a century later, proclaimed the abdication of James II., and the selection of the Prince and Princess of Orange to fill the vacant throne. Again, after another century, it furnished the model for the still more celebrated Declaration by which the thirteen American colonies announced their independence of Great Britain." Thorold Rogers, an English professor and parliamentarian, says: "The action of the Dutch republic was the first appeal which the world had read on the duties of rulers to their people. . . The sturdy Hollanders, at a time when public liberty seemed entirely lost, and despotism had become a religious creed, began the political reformation. The teachers of Europe in everything, they are the first to argue that governments exist for nations, not nations for governments. And as precedents, especially successful ones, govern the world, the Dutch gave the cue for the English parliamentary war and the English Revolution, to the American Declaration of Independence, to the better side of the French Revolution, and to the public spirit which has slowly and imperfectly recovered liberty from despotism." Motley says that the doctrines laid down in this Dutch act "at that time seemed startling blasphemies in the ears of Christendom."\*

\*These quotations are from "The Puritan in Holland, England and America," by Douglass Campbell; "The Story of Holland," by Thorold Rogers, and "The Dutch Republic" by Motley. Thorold Rogers says in his preface: "The revolt of the Netherlands and the success of Holland is the beginning of modern political science and of modern civilization."



I will close this hasty glimpse of the fatherland of the first settlers of Pella with one more quotation, one from John Fiske: "To be a citizen of a great and growing state, or to belong to one of the dominant races of the world, is no doubt a legitimate source of patriotic pride, though there is perhaps an equal justification for such a feeling in being a citizen of a tiny state like Holland, which in spite of its small dimensions, has nevertheless achieved so much,—fighting at one time the battle of freedom for the world, producing statesmen like William and Barneveldt, generals like Maurice, scholars like Erasmus and Grotius, and thinkers like Spinoza, and taking the lead even today in the study of Christianity and in the interpretation of the Bible."\*

This statement has the weight of historical authority. It is well said, and something had to be said, in passing, about the ancestry of the people of Pella, for ancestry, whether with individuals or nations, is nine-tenths of them. I think one-tenth is a liberal allowance for environment and volition. If events are not determined from the first, they are at least determined by their beginnings. All things are of the Purposes of History, if not of the Providence of God. In this faith Pella was founded.

#### IX.

On the first and second days of September, 1897, the people of Pella celebrated the fiftieth anniversary of their settlement. Ten thousand gathered where the seven hundred had met in 1847. Of the first settlers only a few remained. Shattered and broken and bent were they; the remnants of a once sturdy band. The pathos of a great struggle was written on their faces; there was also the consciousness of victory. For the community it was an auspicious and memorable occasion. In the long procession, three score girls in white preceded the survivors of 1847. It was the contrast between the past and the present. The city was filled with flags, but all the flags were American. There was not a flag of Holland displayed in all the streets. "We are Americans, though we

\*"American Political Ideas," chapter on "Manifest Destiny."

are proud of our Dutch blood," is what the people meant to say. And their children and grandchildren, or as many of them as had studied the history of Europe and America, were even prouder of that blood than were their parents and grandparents. The joint heritage of Dutch blood and American citizenship—what more could they desire?

And here we must say farewell to the bit of Holland in America which I have tried to describe. It is worth while, in many ways, to gather up these fragments of history. Our love for those who have gone before us and prepared the way for us, prompts us to write of these subjects. Even selfishness, which enters into all our words and actions, prompts us to do this, for, if we are wise, we know that there is no great future without a conscious past. Pella has for the Iowa writer not only historical, but pictorial values and capabilities. It is a community with a heroic background and a vast perspective. That it has lost much of its individuality is true. Fifty years are a long time in Iowa. Surroundings and conditions change men and women even more than men and women change their surroundings and conditions. America, which is eager and greedy and great and grand, in time will mark all her own. Evolution here is working out a new type of man. In Pella many of the good old customs have survived the first half century—may they survive forever. Religion still lives in that sacred soil, but theology is less flourishing; its intricacies no longer perplex men and its controversies are becoming memories.

I wish that I could have preserved in this brief sketch something more of the Iowa of 1847—of those free prairies and that free spirit. I have often heard told how beautiful Iowa was when the settlers who had come from Holland first saw this land. It was billowy like the sea which they had crossed. There was wave after wave on the tall grass. Climbing up the hills and dipping down into the hollows the winds rippled or rolled over the vast meadows of God. How the prairies bewildered men! The women loved and dreaded them, they were so vast, so lonesome and at times so silent. Over all such floods of sunshine out of deep blue skies, such

sunsets across purple fields and such weird starlight over primeval stillnesses, stillnesses broken only by the hooting of the owl or the barking of the distant wolf.

It cost something to live in a new country, but it was also worth something. I believe that a part of it all has passed into the men and women who toiled among such scenes; something of the strength and the freedom, something of the highness and the wideness, something of the beauty and the sacredness. Men and women have been living in Iowa, but Iowa is just beginning to live in men and women. It takes more than one generation to do this. Her blood flows in their veins and her breath is in their nostrils—the breath and the blood of this new Empire State which lies sun-kissed in the two arms of the Great Father of Waters.

But the making of Iowa was not a dream; it was a stern reality. It was not in a handful of wild flowers which women gathered, nor in a bit of blue sky which they admired, nor in the song of a bird which charmed them. It was a battle between civilization and barbarism. The men and the women marched side by side and fought together. The army was "that westward penetrating wedge of iron-browed, iron-muscled, iron-hearted men." It was a war which lasted not eight years, nor eighty, but two hundred and fifty years, from the time the first settlements were made along the Atlantic until the army of occupation reached the Pacific. Ever marching, ever fighting; sometimes repulsed, or annihilated, but always victorious in the end. With the axe and the plow, with the books of the law and the Book of God, with the sword and the cross, with the sweat of the brow and the anguish of the heart, a continent has been conquered. Fortunate are they whose fathers and mothers, or great grandfathers and great grandmothers, served in this Grand Army of the Pioneers—the State builders of the New World.

In this vast country of ours each one has some spot which is more dear to him than all the rest. Pella is such to me. How often has the story of the dikes and the prairies, of the gray skies and the blue, of the sea of waters and the sea of grasses, of the joys and the sorrows, of the burdens borne so



far and the sufferings endured so long, been told to me by one who, as a girl gave her heart first to the New Reformation in Holland and then, to the New Country in America. I have gathered the facts from all sources, but from her I have the spirit of this sketch. I have learned to believe that the truest history of any era or any event, must be written out of the hearts of women, rather than out of the minds of men; and to believe that what women have felt and women have endured is the record and the race to be, rather than what men have dared and men have achieved.







*Samuel Murdock*

HON. SAMUEL MURDOCK,  
Jurist and Pioneer Law-Maker.



## SAMUEL MURDOCK.

BY REV. MARION MURDOCK.

I cannot do better, in response to the request to furnish a sketch of my father for THE ANNALS OF IOWA, than to send the very fitting address given by Hon. J. O. Crosby of Garna-villo at the services held in that town. Mr. Crosby's reputation as one of the ablest of Iowa lawyers is well known, but his generosity and nobility as a friend only those best know who have made test of that friendship, as my father had, for more than forty years.

It might also be fitting to subjoin the following resolutions adopted by the Iowa House of Representatives, inas-much as they refer especially to my father's close connection with the history and development of the State of Iowa. For Iowa he always had the most enthusiastic admiration and affection. Her geologic formations, her pioneer history, her growth and prospects for the future, were subjects that never wearied him, and he loved to live over again the pioneer days when he was more closely associated with her law-makers:

MR. SPEAKER:—Your committee to draft resolutions on the death of Hon. Samuel Murdock respectfully report as follows:

WHEREAS, An all wise Father has taken to Himself Judge Samuel Murdock, after permitting him to survive beyond the allotted time of man; and,

WHEREAS, Judge Murdock for over one-half of a century was intimately connected with the material development of Iowa; and as he was one of the pioneer law-makers of this State, and was always, during his long life, intimately associated with the enactment and enforcement of our laws; therefore be it

*Resolved*, As follows: That we are fully sensible of the loss to the State, and to the early pioneers of Iowa, of whom Judge Murdock was a striking example. That we appreciate that men possessing the energy, capacity and character of Judge Murdock were largely responsible for the intelligence, progressive spirit and high state of civilization found in Iowa today. That as Judge Murdock was a member of that band of Pioneer Law-Makers of Iowa, which as the years go by becomes smaller, we extend to that association our sympathy and condolence in the loss they have sustained in his death. That to his family, to whom he was so much, we extend our sympathy and affection, with the thought expressed that they

have a goodly heritage in the memory of the noble, loving and self-sacrificing life of Judge Murdock.

That the clerk of this House shall send to Mrs. Samuel Murdock at Elkader, Iowa, a copy of these resolutions.

T. J. SULLIVAN,  
THOMAS F. NOLAN,  
SAMUEL MAYNE.

These resolutions refer to his energy, and it is perhaps not too much to say that he possessed this characteristic in a remarkable degree. He was an indefatigable and always eager worker. In addition to his law-practice, he was constantly at work upon some scientific, historical or biographical article. Of his many articles upon various topics, those, I think, relating to archaeology and geology were of most interest, and may be considered the best of his work in this direction. But every part of the natural world interested him. He was passionately fond of science, and I have often felt that he ought, in justice to himself, to have devoted his entire time to scientific pursuits. What was a recreation ought to have been a profession. The boys and girls of the present generation have much more encouragement than those of the passing generation, in taking up science as an avocation, and the now notable schools of Applied Science show what opportunities are given to those who, like Mr. Murdock, manifest from very boyhood an intensely loving interest in the revelations of nature. This interest for him was more than an intellectual one. The beauty and poetry of it all awakened a reverence in him which he would have hesitated to call religious, but which may well be considered one of the essential elements in the spiritual life. Everything in nature, from a stone to a star, was for him an object of wonder and mystery. Nothing pleased him more than to explore the depths of earth, to open mounds, or to examine the various strata of rocks. The geology of his State was a subject he was never weary of discussing, and the discussion always related itself to man and his origin and destiny.

But of his life and characteristics it is more fitting that others should speak. The press throughout the State, in speaking of his political work bore testimony also to his love of humanity, his kindness of heart, his integrity. One of

these articles said: "He was tender-hearted in the extreme, a friend of the poor, a friend of the children, whom he delighted to gather around him." Another wrote: "When Judge Murdock died there passed from earth one of the most generous and loving souls we ever knew." Another, after speaking of his work in his profession and in other lines, said: "But over and above all this, the crowning virtue of his life—known and read of all who knew him—was his kindness of heart that always responded to the call of distress from the poor and needy. As a lawyer, citizen, neighbor, or friend, no one applying to Judge Murdock for help was ever turned away."

Rev. Mr. Wing, in conducting the services at Elkader, spoke from the text, "I have fought a good fight, I have finished my course," and spoke very touchingly of his uniform kindness of spirit, and his endeavor to deal justly with all his fellow men. In the closing words of Mr. Crosby at Garnavillo, nothing moved his family or the friends so much as the words: "All children knew that in him they had a friend," and, "As a lawyer he espoused the cause of the poor and friendless, and the practice that gave him the greatest satisfaction was when he secured their rights, even though he received no compensation for his services."

#### MR. CROSBY'S REMARKS.

Born near Pittsburg in the State of Pennsylvania on the 13th day of March, 1817, Judge Murdock lacked about six weeks of reaching four score years.\*

When twelve years of age his parents removed to the State of Ohio, near the city of Cleveland, and in the year 1841, a little more than fifty-five years ago, he came to Iowa, and in 1843 to Garnavillo and opened the beautiful farm that was his home for all the years, till he removed to Elkader in 1876, which has since been his home. He combined the operations of the farm with the practice of law.

In 1845 he was elected a member of the last Territorial legislature, and in 1869 was elected to the general assembly

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\*Judge Samuel Murdock died at his home in Elkader, Clayton county, January 26, 1897. See page 77 of this volume of THE ANNALS.



of the State. In the spring of 1855 he was elected judge of the new Tenth Judicial district, which included ten counties of Northeastern Iowa.

Before coming to this county, he was admitted to the bar at Iowa City. As a pioneer he was the leader in surrounding his homestead with beautiful evergreens and other shade trees, and he planted a large orchard and cultivated many varieties of grapes.

As a home-builder, lawyer, legislator and judge, his success was enough to satisfy a reasonable ambition, and was an example of the great opportunities for mankind under our form of government.

I knew him first in 1854. Then Dr. Andros, Dr. Linton, Judge Murdock, Reuben Noble, Elias H. Williams, Orlando Stevens, Elijah Odell and H. S. Granger were here, in the full vigor of life; and all the others but Mr. Granger, have passed from time to eternity.

Samuel Murdock was my friend from the day I came to Garnavillo, seeking a place to make a home for myself and family. To the stranger in those days seeking a home in Iowa, his hospitality knew no bounds. His kindly assistance to me was as much as I could expect to receive from a father.

He was a student, a thinker, a ready writer, a great lover of children. All children knew that in him they had a friend, and their meeting was always followed by an exchange of smiles and cheerful greetings. He had a keen sense of humor, and his heart overflowed with kindness and generosity.

As a lawyer he espoused the cause of the poor and friendless, and the practice that gave him the greatest satisfaction was when he secured their rights, even though he received no compensation for his services.

The crowning happiness of his later life, was his attendance at the Semi-Centennial celebration of the State of Iowa at Burlington, from the first to the eighth of October last, to which he had been invited as one of the speakers on Friday, "Pioneer Day." He was entertained at the home of Dr.

Charles Beardsley, who was chairman of the committee in charge of that day, and for eight days no pains were spared to see that everything was provided that could minister to the happiness of the judge. The doctor was with him in 1870, a member of the general assembly, and they were old friends. From first to last the judge missed no part in the exercises, and surrounded by old-time friends, his cup of happiness was filled to over-flowing. The following is an extract from his speech on that occasion :

To hear and listen to the words of your honorable and eloquent president, in his able and instructive address, as well as to your eminent men who have followed him in their discourses before you, was enough to have called me away from my northern home to be with you here today; but when I add to this pleasure the friendly meetings and the greetings of old, tried and true friends, some of whom I have not met before for over half a century, and who, like myself, had found their way hither, to pursue a common occupation with me, and to establish for ourselves a common heritage on lands where, until then, the wheels of the emigrant wagon had never rolled, it all overwhelms me with feelings of gladness, and calls forth from my head and heart emotions and thoughts that make my old eyes water at their utterance, and my head drop in melancholy recollections of days that are gone never to return.

But while we are commingling together today in these friendly greetings, bestowing these grand ovations upon our worthy and eminent living statesmen, as well as rejoicing over the exalted rank our noble State has achieved during the half century of her age in everything that contributes to the happiness of her people, let us not forget in these moments of praise and devotion, the memory of our noble and eminent dead who sleep beneath her soil, and who, in her councils and forums, laid her foundation of greatness, and sent her on the road of progress to a grateful, a thankful and an enlightened posterity, to build upon it newer and brighter institutions, as civilization develops, until this soil we call our own shall become the fortress and the citadel to which human liberty will ever resort in times of danger, for a covert and a shelter.

Arriving on the soil of Iowa fifty-five years ago, the thirtieth of last month, where I have ever since resided, at times pursuing the double occupations of farmer and lawyer, I was early thrown into her councils, her courts, her legislatures, as well as called to administer justice in her judicial forums, and therefore I could but personally know and commingle from the first to the present with those of your eminent and honorable dead while they were still in life and activity; and I am here before you today as one of the links in the chain of life that connects the past with the present, and with language clear and hands uplifted before you and

high heaven, to testify to their goodness, their intelligence, their worth and their virtuous lives both in public and private action.

No one now living in our broad State owes to the memory of these fallen men a greater tribute nor a more sincere praise than I do, for to me they were ever kind, and until this heart ceases to beat, or these lips and tongue cease to utter words, to me that memory shall be ever green.

Judge Murdock was a lover of the beauties of nature, and delighted in their contemplation and study. He wrote a poem to Garnavillo, calling it "Bright Gem of the Prairie," and this is its closing verse :

Though the world may conspire and invite me to leave thee,  
And hold out temptations that bid me to roam;  
Though palace and treasure await to receive me,  
In rank or misfortune, I'll call thee my home.  
Neither wealth nor rich treasure shall cause me to sever  
The ties that once bound me so sacred to thee,  
But in life or in death I will cherish forever  
Our by-gones and pleasures once lovely to me.

How fitting that his weary limbs should be laid to rest in Garnavillo with those of his family that have gone before him, and that together their earthly remains shall repose beneath the evergreen trees planted by his own hand in remembrance of them.

As the long train  
Of ages glide away, the sons of men—  
The youth in life's green spring, and he who goes  
In the full strength of years, matron and maid  
And the sweet babe, and the gray-headed man—  
Shall one by one be gathered to thy side  
By those who in their turn shall follow them.

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Why weep ye then for him, who, having won  
The bound of man's appointed years, at last,  
Life's blessings all enjoyed, life's labors done,  
Serenely to his final rest has passed;  
While the soft memory of his virtues, yet  
Lingers like twilight hues, when the bright sun is set?



## RECOLLECTIONS OF SLAVE DAYS.

BY MAJ. S. H. M. BYERS.

The winter immediately preceding the great civil war found my father and myself on the cotton plantation of Mr. T., in Mississippi. My father in those days was engaged in selling Iowa horses south, and to save the expense of wintering them in cities, it was his custom to drive them to some plantation in the interior. On this particular trip south, I, a lad of twenty, was permitted to go along. I still recall with a smile the evening we reached Mr. T.'s farm. The overseer of the plantation, with a half dozen of his slaves, came out to the roadside to assist us in putting away the horses for the night. To each one of these assisting darkies my father gave a small coin. His generosity was soon noised about among the fifty or more men and boys of the plantation. Colored folks had not been much accustomed to getting "tips" from anybody. The evening was chilly, and shortly we white folks were sitting before a big blazing fire in the overseer's house. Supper had not been announced before a couple of black boys came into the room grinning and with cap in hand. "Massa," said they, "we'uns, too, jest helped with the horses." As the black boys all looked about alike in the uncertain light from the fire-place, my father handed them also a few pennies. But that moment other grinning faces appeared from the shadows at the back end of the room. "We'uns too," said their speaker. "We'uns, too, took care of the horses, massa," and a half dozen of ragged caps and grinning faces came into the fire-light at once. They got their coins, and others came, and others, until it seemed there had been five times as many darkies helping us as we had horses. We all laughed; even the overseer. When the small change gave out they all good naturedly went out upon the grass in front of the house and serenaded us with old plantation songs. That was my first experience with slave-

ry. What a contented, happy lot of people, I thought to myself. Their songs were filled with pathos. Their voices were mellow, and low and sweet. I have never had such delight with music, never, not even with the stars of grand opera, as I experienced that night with these simple slaves singing on the lone plantation in the back woods of Mississippi. There was a feeling of sincerity, almost a sorrow, that other music never yet produced. It was the song of slaves, touchingly happy even in bondage. Shortly the lights were out in all the slaves' cabins, and, saving the flickering flames from the fire-place, the lights too were extinguished in the house of the overseer, and slave man and free man slept alike in the starlight, and neither knew whether the roof above him was of gold or straw.

The owner of this big cotton farm spent his winters in Europe, or in some Southern city, and the control of his hundred and fifty human chattels, like the control of his horses and pigs, was left to his hired overseer. How good, how humane a man this owner of human flesh might have been, I had no means of finding out. His overseer looked upon these unfortunate men and women as exactly in the same category with the animals on the farm. Could he abuse, starve or whip a horse, so could he abuse, starve or whip a slave—and who dared report to the master when he came? Only God's eye saw what happened on many a plantation in the South—and it was all happening under the then so-called "flag of freedom." The farce was too awful to continue forever. The explosion of Almighty wrath was coming on. The overseer of the plantation of Mr. T. would not have dared treat my father's horses in the manner he sometimes treated the master's slaves. And yet he regarded himself as one of the milder, kinder men who had charge of other people's "niggers." Among his slaves he had a big black ruffian whose office seemed to be chief whipper for the plantation. Licking "niggers" was after all too hard work for the overseer. "Give that nigger a licking," was a common speech to hear from the overseer when the black folks came in from the fields evenings, when some luckless fellow had not done his

allotted work. Then the big, hard-faced man would lash his fellow-creature, man or woman, with a relish that seemed absolutely astounding. "There is no use treating niggers roughly," the overseer would sometimes say to my father, as we sat around the evening fire. "These people all know I'm master here, and that's enough." My father usually made no answer but looked straight into the fire. He was an abolitionist; he held his peace; but he lived to see the day when even the memory of a plantation overseer could excite anger in the human breast. Around the fireside on that plantation, during those winter nights, the American stars and stripes seemed to be a disgusting mockery. Northerner and Southerner alike were pretending to a monstrous lie.

Spite of the slave surroundings the stay on the plantation was interesting in the extreme. Everything seemed so different to me from farm-life in the North. Slavery changed everything. With military precision a great horn was blown every morning before daylight, when all the negroes in the long rows of cabins got up and prepared their breakfasts of hoe-cake and bacon, and then sweet potatoes were roasted for midday lunch in the field. When the day broke, squads were formed of men, women and children, and the procession started to the fields to labor till evening twilight. An immense field was being cleared of the dead trees and logs and stumps, and forty or fifty men chopped till nightfall. Sometimes I noticed whole groups of them chopping together, keeping rude time with their axes to some plantation melody.

Way down there, what you doing?

Slow, low, way down there:

Don't you know the Lord am coming.

Way down there:

Go slow, go slow, very slow,

Away down there.

The overseer, his wife, my father and myself were the only white people on the plantation that winter. It was six miles to the nearest hamlet, and the overseer was the absolute master of the whole black colony. There was no law there but his will. Body and soul, the slaves were as help-

less from his temper or his wrong-doing, as dumb animals. The race of black people grown up since the war have absolutely no realization of the servitude in which their fathers and mothers groaned.

Around the big blazing fire at night the overseer was by no means a bad man. He had his grog, and his tales of southern duels, and of the overflowings of the big rivers; and we, in our turn, told him of the big prairies of the far west, the Indians, and tales of immigrant trains to California.

The absent owner of the plantation "chattels" was also part owner of a fashionable livery and sale stable in Memphis, and it was there my father had arranged to exhibit and sell his Iowa horses. The co-partner and manager of the establishment was a Mr. M. Occasionally, some of the negroes from the farm were brought in to the city and put to work in the stables. Frank and Bill, and Uncle Alfred, and Sam, and Jane. How their names come back to me after all the changing years! I, too, labored about the stables, either to help care for my father's horses, or to ride them up and down the street to show them off to purchasers, while Mr. M. in his loose, green plaid trousers stood like a cigar sign at the doorway. His appearance as he stood there will never be effaced from my memory. With his broad-brimmed silk hat, his plaid pantaloons, with their great green checks, strapped under his boots, his buff vest, his cane, his white, dainty hands, his absolute elegance and idleness. He regarded himself as the best-looking man in Memphis. I never saw him do a stroke of work—unless when in a sudden fit of anger he walked to the back end of the barn, took down a harness strap, and "licked a nigger." Like the overseer out on the farm, however, he did not like to "treat his slaves too roughly." A terrible cow-hiding on the naked back, now and then, was not so much a punishment in his mind as a warning. "Of course the d——d niggers must not forget who's who," he would sometimes say to us. "You don't know anything about a nigger up North, you folks don't"—he would exclaim to my father.



One day he called the big boy, Bill, into the office. "Bill, why in h—ll don't you marry Jane? Go along now! We want more little niggers around here—stock's running low." "Why, land sakes, Massa, that yellow gal jes wouldn't think of marrying me! She wouldn't look at this nigger, she wouldn't." "Well, now you just walk in there and tell her you are going to marry her. I'll 'tend to the rest." In two weeks there was a big colored wedding in the basement of the Methodist church. Jane figured as bride—in white lawn dress and abundance of fine ribbons. Bill had done as was told him—he led Jane to the altar, and the ribbons and the dress and the cake were all furnished by the man in the green-checked trousers. A week afterwards Bill had neglected to wash a carriage properly. He was not the most "likely of niggers," anyway. "Bill," says Mr. M., "take this note down to the keeper of the lockup." With depressed countenance the slave took the note. I followed to see what would happen. "Yes, I see," said the keeper of the lockup, as he read the note. "What you been doing again, Bill?" "Why, jes nothing, Massa, 'pon my word." "All right, Bill, take off your shirt and lie down there on the floor." The slave did as he was bidden, and lay down on the wet stone floor of the jail corridor, when the hired brute gave him one hundred lashes on his naked back with a cow-hide! Screams, and piteous prayers, and cries that might have moved a stone to mercy, fell on heedless ears. A bucket of salt brine was thrown over the slave's lacerated back, and he was told to dress himself and go home to his master. I too went home, wondering that the Almighty permitted such men to live an hour! I soon learned that this was the elegant Mr. M.'s way of getting his slaves punished. He simply sent a note to some brute of a whipper. "Give this man a hundred lashes. Charge to account." Sometimes, however, Mr. M. suddenly flew into a rage. There was no sending polite notes then. The nearest rope, strap or club, settled the business. Only good, saintly, old white-haired Alfred seemed excepted from all cursings, beatings and abuse. He was so faithful and true. He had been in the M. family

fifty years, possibly had carried M. to school as a little boy. Now he was the faithful, loved, old slave and a leader in the colored church and Sunday school. What was my astonishment one afternoon to hear the gentleman in green checked pantaloons cry out to old white-haired Alfred: "Come here, you cussed nigger." Alfred had neglected some trifling duty. "Take off your shirt, lean over that bale of hay," shouted the enraged master as he snatched a harness tug from the wall and mercilessly lashed the old man, the great welts on his naked back showing at every stroke. Poor Alfred cried and prayed—"Oh! Master M.! don't kill me, for God's sake, don't kill me—please don't kill me! I'll serve you and pray for you, master, as long as I live—don't kill me." The blows rained on until master and slave were exhausted; and no avenging angel struck the monster dead! That night my father told Mr. M. that we were going North. He could stand such sights no longer. "Well, what kind of people are you, up there in Iowa, anyway?" sneered the enraged man. "You don't know what niggers are—and if I could not stand to see a nigger licked, I'd go North, too!"

We returned home, leaving the few unsold horses in the hands of an agent.

\* \* \* \* \*

In a year the frightful war broke out. Instantly, I was a volunteer in the ranks of the Union Army. My winter South helped me in my resolution. The scenes in M.'s barn were burned into my mind forever. With varying vicissitudes the strife went on. Battles were lost, battles were gained. One day the river gun-boats, with the aid of some of our troops, took Memphis. Unexpectedly my regiment was ordered to go and camp in the suburbs of the city. That very day with a small squad of mounted men I hurried into the town and to the street where the fashionable barn was. Mr. M. still stood there in the door way in his green-checked trousers. Had he been standing there a year? "Who are you?" he asked, as I rode up past him and into his barn. "I am Sergt. B.," I answered, "of the 5th Iowa.

You once wanted to know what kind of people lived up in Iowa. I have brought some of them with me, here," I added. He sneered—"So you've come to steal my horses and burn my barn then, I suppose?" "Oh no, not so bad as that," I answered. "We'll just take some of the horses and the harness." The men with me commenced backing the animals out of the stable. That moment I heard voices at the back end of the barn. "Lor! Lor! Look—if there aint young Mr. B.," shouted a dozen voices at once—and Frank and Jim and Bill and Jane and white-haired Alfred crowded about me, trying to get my hand or even to touch my horse's neck. The master stood there in sullen silence.

Lincoln's proclamation freeing the slaves had not been issued yet—but some of our soldiers had taken such matters into their own hands. "Boys," I said, "my regiment is out by the Brick Hospital—you know the way—go, all of you!" Without a word or a farewell to their master, fifteen slaves entered the sunlight of freedom. Some of them followed our command as servants and camp cooks for many months. Jane is today somewhere in Iowa, *free*. Old Alfred is doubtless dead. Mr. M. with the green plaid trousers, no longer stands in front of his doorway—for reckless soldiers later on burned his establishment to the ground. There was not much to burn, only some brick walls and some carriages without horses.

KEOKUK'S VISIT TO NAUVOO.—We understand that one day last week, they had quite a pageant at Nauvoo. The Indian Chief Keokuk, with about fifty of his followers, warriors, squaws and papposes, took occasion to pay a special visit to their brother, [Joseph Smith], the Revelator and Prophet—to smoke the pipe of peace with him in his wik-ke-up, and discourse on the wonders of the New Jerusalem. "As to the New Jerusalem, to which they were all going to emigrate, so far as he was concerned, it depended very much whether there would be any government annuities—and as for the 'milk and honey' which was to flow over the land, he was not particular—he should prefer whiskey."

\* —*Fort Madison Courier*, Sept. 4, 1841.

## THE OWNERSHIP OF AEROLITES.

A DECISION BY THE IOWA SUPREME COURT, AT THE OCTOBER TERM, 1892.

**SYLLABUS.**—An aerolite which embeds itself in the earth as it falls from the sky becomes the property of the owner of the land, and another person cannot acquire ownership of it by discovering it, digging it up, and carrying it away.

The Honorable CHARLES T. GRANGER, associate justice, delivered the opinion of the court:

The district court found the following facts, with some others, not important on this trial: "That the plaintiff, John Goddard, is, and has been since about 1857, the owner in fee simple of the north half of section No. three, in township No. ninety-eight, range No. twenty-five, in Winnebago county, Iowa, and was such owner at the time of the fall of the meteorite hereinafter referred to. (2) That said land was prairie land, and that the grass privilege for the year 1890 was leased to one James Eleckson. (3) That on the 2d day of May, 1890, an aerolite passed over northern and northwestern Iowa, and the aerolite, or fragment of the same, in question in this action, weighing, when replevied, and when produced in court on the trial of this cause, about 66 pounds, fell onto plaintiff's land, described above, and buried itself in the ground to the depth of three feet, and became embedded therein at a point about twenty rods from the section line on the north. (4) That the day after the aerolite in question fell it was dug out of the ground with a spade by one Peter Hoagland, in the presence of the tenant, Eleckson; that said Hoagland took it to his house, and claimed to own same, for the reason that he had found same and dug it up. (5) That on May 5, 1890, Hoagland sold the aerolite in suit to the defendant, H. V. Winchell, for \$105, and the same was at once taken possession of by said defendant, and that the possession was held by him until same was taken under the writ of replevin herein; that the de-



fendant knew at the time of his purchase it was an aerolite, and that it fell on the prairie south of Hoagland's land. . . .

(10) I find the value of said aerolite to be one hundred and one dollars (\$101) as verbally stipulated in open court by the parties to this action; that the same weighs about 66 pounds, is of a black, smoky color on the outside, showing the effects of heat, and of a lighter and darkish gray color on the inside; that it is an aerolite, and fell from the heavens on the 2d of May, 1890; that a member of Hoagland's family saw the aerolite fall, and directed him to it."

As conclusions of law, the district court found that the aerolite became a part of the soil on which it fell; that the plaintiff was the owner thereof; and that the act of Hoagland in removing it was wrongful. It is insisted by appellant that the conclusions of law are erroneous; that the enlightened demands of the time in which we live call for, if not a modification, a liberal construction, of the ancient rule, "that whatever is affixed to the soil belongs to the soil," or, the more modern statement of the rule, that "a permanent annexation to the soil, of a thing in itself personal, makes it a part of the realty." In behalf of appellant is invoked a rule alike ancient and of undoubted merit, "that of title by occupancy," and we are cited to the language of Blackstone, as follows: "Occupancy is the taking possession of those things which before belonged to nobody;" and "whatever movables are found upon the surface of the earth, or in the sea, and are unclaimed by any owner, are supposed to be abandoned by the last proprietor, and as such are returned into the common stock and mass of things; and therefore they belong, as in a state of nature, to the first occupant or finder." In determining which of these rules is to govern in this case, it will be well for us to keep in mind the controlling facts giving rise to the different rules and note, if at all, wherein the facts of this case should distinguish it. The rule sought to be avoided has alone reference to what becomes a part of the soil, and hence belongs to the owner thereof, because attached or added thereto. It has no reference whatever to an independent acquisition of title: that is, to an ac-

quisition of property existing independent of other property. The rule invoked has reference only to property of this independent character, for it speaks of movables "found upon the surface of the earth or in the sea." The term "movables" must not be construed to mean that which can be moved, for, if so, it would include much known to be realty: but it means such things as are not naturally parts of earth or sea, but are on the one or in the other. Animals exist on the earth and in the sea, but they are not, in a proper sense, parts of either. If we look to the natural formation of the earth and sea, it is not difficult to understand what is meant by "movables," within the spirit of the rule cited. To take from the earth what nature has placed there in its formation, whether at the creation or through the natural processes of the acquisition and depletion of its particular parts, as we witness it in our daily observations, whether it be the soil proper or some natural deposit, as of mineral or vegetable matter, is to take a part of the earth, and not movables.

If, from what we have said, we have in mind the facts giving rise to the rules cited, we may well look to the facts of this case to properly distinguish it. The subject of the dispute is an aerolite, of about sixty-six pounds weight, that "fell from the heavens" on the land of the plaintiff, and was found three feet below the surface. It came to its position in the earth through natural causes. It was one of nature's deposits, with nothing in its material composition to make it foreign or unnatural to the soil. It was not a movable thing "on the earth." It was in the earth, and in a very significant sense immovable; that is, it was only movable as parts of earth are made movable by the hand of man. Except for the peculiar manner in which it came its relation to the soil would be beyond dispute. It was in its substance, as we understand, a stone. It was not of a character to be thought of as "unclaimed by any owner," and, because unclaimed, "supposed to be abandoned by the last proprietor," as would be the case under the rule invoked by appellant. In fact it has none of the characteristics of the property contemplated by such a rule.

We may properly note some of the particular claims of appellant. His argument deals with the rules of the common law for acquiring real property, as by escheat, occupancy, prescription, forfeiture, and alienation, which it is claimed were all the methods known, barring inheritance. We need not question the correctness of the statement, assuming that it has reference to original acquisition, as distinct from acquisitions to soil already owned, by accretion or natural causes. The general rules of the law, by which the owners of riparian titles are made to lose or gain by the doctrine of accretions, are quite familiar. These rules are not, however, of exclusive application to such owners. Through the action of the elements, wind and water, the soil of one man is taken and deposited in the field of another; and thus all over the country, we may say, changes are constantly going on. By these natural causes the owners of the soil are giving and taking as the wisdom of the controlling forces shall determine. By these operations one may be affected with a substantial gain, and another by a similar loss. These gains are of accretions, and the deposit becomes the property of the owner of the soil on which it is made.

A scientist of note has said that from six to seven hundred of these stones fall to our earth annually. If they are, as indicated in argument, departures from other planets, and if among the planets of the solar system there is this interchange, bearing evidence of their material composition, upon what principle of reason or authority can we say that a deposit thus made shall not be of that class of property that it would be if originally of this planet and in the same situation? If these exchanges have been going on through the countless ages of our planetary system, who shall attempt to determine what part of the rocks and formations of especial value to the scientists, resting in and upon the earth, are of meteoric acquisition, and a part of that class of property designated in argument as "unowned things," to be the property of the fortunate finder instead of the owner of the soil, if the rule contended for is to obtain? It is not easy to

be understood why stones or balls of metallic iron, deposited as this was, should be governed by a different rule than obtains from the deposit of boulders, stones, and drift upon our prairies by glacial action; and who would contend that these deposits from floating bodies of ice belong, not to the owner of the soil, but to the finder? Their origin or source may be less mysterious, but they, too, are "tell-tale messengers" from far-off lands, and have value for historic and scientific investigation.

It is said that the aerolite is without adaptation to the soil, and only valuable for scientific purposes. Nothing in the facts of the case will warrant us in saying that it was not as well adapted for use by the owner of the soil as any stone, or, as appellant is pleased to denominate it, "ball of metallic iron." That it may be of greater value for scientific or other purposes may be admitted, but that fact has little weight in determining who should be its owner. We cannot say that the owner of the soil is not as interested in, and would not as readily contribute to, the great cause of scientific advancement, as the finder, by chance or otherwise, of these silent messengers. This aerolite is of the value of \$101, and this fact, if no other, would remove it from uses where other and much less valuable materials would answer an equally good purpose, and place it in the sphere of its greater usefulness.

The rule is cited, with cases for its support, that the finder of lost articles, even where they are found on the property, in the building, or with the personal effects of third persons, is the owner thereof against all the world except the true owner. The correctness of the rule may be conceded, but its application to the case at bar is very doubtful. The subject of this controversy was never lost or abandoned. Whence it came is not known, but, under the natural law of its government, it became a part of this earth, and, we think, should be treated as such. It is said by appellant that this case is unique; that no exact precedent can be found; and that the conclusion must be based largely upon new considerations. No similar question has, to our



knowledge, been determined in a court of last resort. In the American and English Encyclopedia of Law (Vol. 15, p. 388) is the following language: "An aerolite is the property of the owner of the fee upon which it falls. Hence a pedestrian on the highway who is first to discover such a stone is not the owner of it; the highway being a mere easement for travel." It cites the case of *Maas vs. Amana Soc.*, 16 Albany Law Journal, 76, and 13 Irish Law Times 381, each of which periodicals contains an editorial notice of such a case having been decided in Illinois, but no reported case is to be found. Anderson's Law Dictionary states the same rule of law, with the same references, under the subject of Accretions. In 20 Alb. L. J. 299, is a letter to the editor from a correspondent, calling attention to a case determined in France, where an aerolite found by a peasant was held not to be the property of the "proprietor of the field," but that of the finder. These references are entitled, of course, to slight, if any, consideration; the information as to them being too meager to indicate the trend of legal thought. Our conclusions are announced with some doubts as to their correctness, but they arise not so much from the application of known rules of law to proper facts as from the absence of defined rules for these particular cases. The interest manifested has induced us to give the case careful thought. Our conclusions seem to us nearest analogous to the generally accepted rules of law bearing on kindred questions, and to subserve the ends of substantial justice. The question we have discussed is controlling in the case, and we need not consider others.

The judgment of the District Court is affirmed.

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LETTERS OF HENRY DODGE TO GEN. GEORGE  
W. JONES.

EDITED BY DR. WILLIAM SALTER.

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(Continued from page 223.)

## IV.

FORT LEAVENWORTH, Dec. 3, 1834.

*Col. Geo. W. Jones, Iowa County, Michigan Ty.:*

I avail myself of the opportunity of writing you by Augustus, who will be able to give you an outline of my movements last summer.

I have this moment received a letter informing me of the election of Dr. Linn to the Senate of the U. S. He will do everything in his power for the people of the Mining Country and will exert himself for his friends.

If the Territory (of Michigan) is divided, I want you appointed Brigadier General of the Militia. I will write the Secretary of War (Lewis Cass) on that subject. Do not fail to write to Lyon (Delegate to Congress from Michigan Territory). I have no doubt he will do all he can to retain the confidence of the people of the Mining Country. I wish my friends in the Mining Country to remain quiet on the subject of my appointment as Governor until you hear from me or Doctor Linn. The course of events will be closely watched at Washington. My old friends in the Mining Country will, I am sure, stand by me.

Should the Indians go to war with each other you may have some difficulty with them that will take me to that country. I have seen the publication in the last *Republican* (St. Louis newspaper), and if the statements are correct the Government will have to take steps to force the offenders to deliver up the murderers. I am drilling the dragoons here and my horses will be in fine order by spring. I feel a great desire to visit the Mining Country if my services are needed. I should prefer the upper country for the theatre of my operations where I could have my friends by my side.

## V.

FORT LEAVENWORTH, May 27, 1835.

*Col. George W. Jones, Postmaster, Sinsinnewa Mound, Iowa County, Michigan Territory:*

I leave this post on to-morrow on my tour to the West, and knowing you feel an interest in the expedition I give you a brief outline of my intended movements.

I will have with me about one hundred dragoons, well-armed and well-mounted. I shall take two light field-pieces that will be posted on the angles of my camp at night, and will cover my march in crossing rivers



*Henry Dodge*

HENRY DODGE.

Colonel 1st U. S. Dragoons, 1833; Governor of Wisconsin Territory, 1836-41,  
and 1845-48; United States Senator from Wisconsin, 1849-57.  
Died at Burlington, Iowa, June 19, 1867.





and difficult passes, should my march be obstructed by the Indians. I will pass the different bands of Indians on the Platte, the Ottoes, Omahas, the Grand Pawnees, Pawnee Loups, and Pawnee Republicans, and expect to fall in with the Arickaras or Rees Indians; they occasionally kill the Americans when they meet them.

As I am straining my orders in going a much greater distance than is expected by the General-in-Chief, I must not fight the Indians, as the policy of the Government is entirely of a pacific character, unless the safety of my command is at stake and the success of the expedition is in question. In that event my motto will be *Death or Victory*. I never with my consent will survive a defeat by the Indians.

My route will be up the South Fork of the Platte to its head, and then a direct course to the Rocky Mountains. On reaching the Mountains I will shape my course to the Arkansas river. Between the Mountains and the head of that river, I am told by Major Daugherty who will accompany the expedition, I will meet bands of Arapahas, Cheyennes, and Black Feet Indians with the Snake Indians who live in the mountains. These Indians visit this part of the country to kill buffalo, and pass from the mountains to the south in large war-parties against the Southern Indians. After adjusting amicably, if I can do so, our difficulties with these Indians, I will proceed down the Arkansas to near where the road crosses going to Santa Fe, and expect to meet the Camanche and Kiowa Indians in this country. I will then return to this post.

I understand from Lt. Crossman you contemplate visiting Washington this winter. I hope to meet you there, and if I get my leave of absence in time I will visit the Mining Country on my way to Washington. If it is possible to make the arrangements, I would be pleased if my family could winter in that country with their friends during my absence. I would be glad to see the people of the country generally, and know their views and wishes with respect to public men and measures. I hope to see them enjoying the advantages of a free Government as well as the natural resources the country presents to them. I would prefer a residence in that country free of all public employment, if my circumstances would permit. My circumstances in a pecuniary point of view forbid that indulgence. I do not know what the views and feelings of my friends may be; I am disposed to be advised by them. Perhaps a silent course would be the most prudent one on the subject of the appointment of Governor. The present position of the Territory of Michigan is such that she must be admitted a State this session of Congress, and the new Territory must then be formed west of Lake Michigan, if created at all.

## VI.

Henry Dodge had been foremost as early as 1829 in advocating a division of Michigan Territory and the organization of a separate Territory west of Lake Michigan. His reasons for it were addressed to Austin E. Wing, then Dele-

gate to Congress from Michigan Territory, in a paper of great force, which is preserved in Smith's History of Wisconsin, Vol I, pp. 430-2.

Pursuant to an act of the Legislative Council of Michigan Territory August 23, 1835, an election for Delegate to Congress was held on the first Monday of October following in that part of the Territory which was not included within the new State of Michigan. This was the first election to a national office in what is now the State of Iowa. There had been an election the previous year, 1834; but it was for county officers only. George W. Jones was nominated as a candidate for delegate to Congress by Augustus C. Dodge at a meeting held at Mineral Point, Iowa county, in May, 1835. On the day of the election Col. Jones was in Burlington, and long afterwards mentioned it with pride that of two hundred or more votes polled there only six were against him. His principal competitor was James D. Doty, of Green Bay, between the people of which place and those of the "Mining Country" there was a jealousy as to the location of the seat of government for the contemplated new Territory. Col. Jones was elected and took his seat upon the assembling of Congress, December 7, 1835.

FORT LEAVENWORTH, NOV. 25, 1835.

*Col. George W. Jones, Delegate to Congress, Washington:*

I sincerely congratulate you on your election and the defeat of Doty who has been doubly distanced in the race. You know the wants and wishes of the people who have elected you, and no doubt will do everything in your power to represent them truly. I was much pleased that my sons and friends united in your support. Doty was not deserving of the confidence of the people of the Mining Country. During the time he represented them in the Council he was constantly exerting himself for Green Bay because he was the owner of property at that place: I think him a selfish, illiberal minded politician who goes for himself alone, and he thinks he has talent and tact to deceive others.

I know nothing of the political parties in Michigan: one thing is certain that the people have been completely justifiable in the course they have taken. Their numbers at sixty thousand would have enabled them to form a Constitution, and they have a right to admission as a member of the Union. I hope the members elect to the Senate, and the member of the lower House, and as well the Delegate-elect west of Lake Michigan, will be

permitted by Congress to take their seats without being delayed a whole session, as was the case on the admission of Missouri.

As respects my appointment as Governor of the new Territory I will frankly say to you, I am desirous to return to my friends and make that country my home, and if it is the wish of the people will serve them as Governor.

I know, my dear friend, your kind feelings toward me and that you sincerely wish my appointment. You are representing the whole of the people west of Lake Michigan. There has been a great accession of population since I left that country, and unless you are confident my appointment will be in accordance with the wishes of the people you would do them and yourself as their Representative an act of injustice by supporting me. I hope you will consult my friends, Doctor Linn and General Ashley, on any steps that may be taken. The most perfect understanding and concert of action may be necessary to succeed. There will no doubt be many applicants for the appointment. Should Lyon or Wing be elected from the new State to the Senate, unless they have promised their support to some other applicant, I think they will be in favor of my appointment. From Governor Horner's going at so late a period to Michigan to settle the existing difficulties between Ohio and Michigan, I was under the impression he would be an applicant for the office of Governor of the new Territory.

I have been detained here attending a General Court Martial, and it will perhaps be March before I can start for Washington.

## VII.

William S. Hamilton was a son of Alexander Hamilton, first Secretary of U. S. Treasury. Capt. Matthew Duncan was a brother of Joseph Duncan, Governor of Illinois, 1834-8. Judge David Irvin was one of the judges of Michigan Territory, appointed by President Jackson in 1832. He was appointed one of the associate judges of Wisconsin Territory in 1836, and in that capacity held court in Dubuque and Des Moines counties. Dr. Moses Meeker was characterized by Lyman C. Draper as "one of the noblest of the band of Wisconsin pioneers." Major Charles F. Legate was a Government surveyor; died at Mineral Point, January 14, 1874.

FORT LEAVENWORTH, Dec. 7, 1835.

*Col. Geo. W. Jones, Delegate to Congress, Washington:*

Your esteemed favor of the 14th ult. from St. Genevieve I received yesterday. Mr. Hamilton was wrong in stating to you that the President (Andrew Jackson) had ordered me to repair to Washington after the trial of Capt. Duncan. My leave of absence has been transmitted to General Gaines,

and will have to be sent by him to the General Headquarters of the army for approval before I can leave this post.

I noticed that Judge Irvin and Moses Meeker had been selected by a small meeting at Mineral Point to repair to Washington to act as special agents for the miners for the purpose of obtaining pre-emption rights for their mineral lots; I then suspected Judge Irvin of wanting to give himself consequence in the formation of the new Territory. I thought his object was the appointment of Chief Justice, and that he could hardly be so ambitious as to aim at the office of Governor.

You have been elected by a large majority of the citizens west of Lake Michigan to represent their wants and wishes, and any attempt on the part of these special agents or any other person to interfere with duties that properly belong to you would be unjust and wrong. You have a right to expect the aid and support of the Government in sustaining such measures as have for their object the good of those who have confided their rights to your charge. Be assured you have my most entire confidence as a friend, and you have a right to expect the aid and assistance of my friends in sustaining the wishes of the people. I am sure you will be warmly supported by them.

The best energies of my life have been spent in the Mining Country. The great mass of the people of that Country are my friends, and the gratitude I know they feel for my humble services is more gratifying to me than any public station that could be conferred on me. If it is their wish, however, that I should be their Governor I will honestly serve them to the best of my abilities, and retire from the Army.

I hope you will be permitted to take your seat without difficulty. Judge Doty, if he can, will give you trouble, and unite with Judge Irvin to defeat you and prevent my appointment, if possible. Dr. Linn will watch the current of events, and in everything in relation to myself I wish you to consult him. If Major Legate is in Washington, he will be of great service to you; his intimate knowledge of the wants of the people you represent, and his high standing with the Government for integrity and truth will enable him to be serviceable to you and the mining interests.

## VIII.

FORT LEAVENWORTH, Jan. 6, 1836.

*Col. Geo. W. Jones, House of Representatives, Washington:*

I am rejoiced to hear you had no difficulty in taking your seat. I expected Judge Doty would give you all the trouble in his power, but I had no idea he would attack you by hand-bills at Washington. I have been much surprised at the conduct of Bracken (aid to Col. Dodge in the Black Hawk war, 1832). I knew he was always well stocked with impudence, but could never have believed that he would have exposed himself and have acted so much like a villain. You have had a complete triumph over your political opponents. Doty deserved defeat for his duplicity. The better part of the community will always know how to construe the actions of designing demagogues who go for themselves regardless of the rights of



others, and the people will weigh them by the lever of public opinion.

My application for leave of absence has been forwarded to Washington. My services have been of so important a character since I have been in the service of the U. S. that I think they will hardly refuse me.

Your constituents are deeply interested in the appointment of their Governor, Judges, and all the Federal officers. They require a Governor who has a knowledge of the character and wants of the people of the contemplated Territory; they are deeply interested in the selection of their Judges. The Secretary of the Territory is an office of the first importance; the Marshal is calculated to have a great influence, should he have much business; and if the provisions of the bill organizing the Territory gives the command of the militia to a Brigadier General appointed by the President, that is an appointment of importance in a territory so remote and exposed to the inroads of the Indians as yours will be. The location of the seat of Government is a subject of much interest to the people; if there could be a provision that the Council could select the place with the approbation of the Governor, it would be most satisfactory to the majority. In a Territorial government I am in favor of permitting the people to participate as far as practicable in the administration of affairs, and I have always thought Territorial Governors have had more power than should be delegated to them.

I think if Mr. Lyon (U. S. surveyor at Prairie du Chien in 1828, where he made a survey of the private French land-claims, a visitor the same year at Henry Dodge's "Diggings" in the Mining Country; afterwards delegate to Congress from Michigan Territory; U. S. Senator from the State of Michigan, 1836-40) gets his seat in the Senate, knowing as he does the wants and wishes of the people between Lake Michigan and the Mississippi, that he will afford you all the aid in his power; and indeed he has no right to be unfriendly to my appointment as Governor of the new Territory. I have always been friendly to him. It is true I gave my vote for Mr. Wing as Delegate when he was a candidate. I had promised Wing at Washington before I knew Lyon was a candidate. I have always considered Lyon a man of promise and truth, and so expressed myself to Gen. Cass and others at Washington. I have entire confidence in the President and my friends, and will be satisfied with what they may do. It is one of the most cheering reflections of my life that I have retained the confidence and friendship of all those who have known me in early life, and those who best know me are my best friends.

## IX.

FORT LEAVENWORTH, Jan. 28, 1836.

*Col. George W. Jones, House of Representatives, Washington.*

Nothing, I think, can prevent the establishment of a new Territory west of Lake Michigan the present session of Congress. The wants of the people, their numbers, and the necessity of a representation on the floor of Congress with the extension of our settlements west of the Mississippi, are strong claims that cannot be set aside.

I would earnestly recommend that you have the bill for the Territorial Government shaped so as to have two Houses, a House of Representatives as well as a Legislative Council, to be elected by the people. It would be more consistent with the principles of republican government, and be more satisfactory to the people. I have often thought it a great omission in the Territorial Government of Michigan to have a Legislative Council alone, composed of only thirteen members.

The personal friendly feeling between Dr. Linn and the President will enable you to know how to act. I have been on the most intimate and friendly terms with General Ashley for thirty years, and I have never had a more true and consistent friend. I have the most entire confidence in the representation from Missouri, as well as many other friends I know I have in Congress. Col. Johnson (afterwards V. Pres. U. S.), I have every reason to believe, will do everything in his power for me. If I were to make a selection of my personal friends, three in whom I have as much confidence as any on earth, it would be Dr. Linn, Gen. Ashley, and yourself. Let things take what course they will, I am sure my friends will do me ample justice.

THE IOWA PRESS.—There are now twenty newspapers published in Iowa, which is an increase of seven since *The Statesman* was started a little more than a year ago. Of the twenty, nine are democratic, eight whig, one liberty, one agricultural, and one religious. The press is rapidly finding its way into the great west, as the vast increase in this State for the last year indicates. There are twice as many now as there were in April, 1847, which is doubling in 17 months. Can any other State in the Union boast of as rapid an increase?—*Iowa Statesman, Ft. Madison, September, 1848.*

## A CHAPTER OF PIONEER HISTORY.

BY EX-GOV. CYRUS C. CARPENTER.

*(From The Upper Des Moines, Algona, Iowa.)*

In 1854 a man by the name of John Haggard of Dubuque had taken a contract to sub-divide eight townships in Emmet, and the northern part of Kossuth counties. He made preparation for the work, with camping outfit, team, tent, etc., and somewhat late in the fall went upon the ground he was to survey. The fall rains had filled the sloughs, so that the work was difficult and confusing. For some days he worked and figured among the sloughs and ponds to get a start. In the meantime a large party of Indians came down from Minnesota and camped in the vicinity, and parties of them were daily visitors at his camp. They begged provisions and were a general annoyance, until between the sloughs, mosquitoes and the Indians, he became utterly disgusted with his contract, and finally left, and returning to Dubuque told the surveyor-general he desired to surrender the contract. Before the surrender of the contract was finally determined, Mr. Wm. J. Neely, inspector of United States surveys, who the summer before had visited Mr. Berry's camp while I was at work for him, advised him to hire me to go up and do the work for him. But he feared it might not be done right and he would have trouble. Mr. Neely, however, gave him such assurance as led him to determine to do so. Accordingly Mr. Neely wrote me inquiring if I would do the work for Mr. Haggard, provided he would send his outfit to Ft. Dodge with three or four hands, leaving me to fill up the force. I answered agreeing to do the work.

In compliance with this understanding, about the 1st of May, 1855, the team and camping outfit with three hands arrived at Fort Dodge. Mr. Lewis H. Smith, now an honored citizen of Algona, who had just come to Fort Dodge, and a younger brother of mine, R. E. Carpenter, also a recent ar-

rival, were hired to make up the party. We moved upon the ground and began the work. We, of course, had the usual experiences of frontier surveyors. The country was a wet and sloughy region. It seems to me now, as I have ridden over it since its improvements, that there has been a great change in its entire physical structure. The sloughs are not half so large and there are not as many of them. One of the annoyances of the surveyor, as it was a sore annoyance in every frontier home, were the mosquitoes. We would generally work until nearly dark and then find our way around the sloughs and through them to our camp. You can neither imagine, nor can I describe, the torment of the mosquito. The air would be literally thick with them. If we talked they would get into our mouths; they would fly into our eyes and ears; would cover our faces and hands, and not an inch of our bodies, unprotected by clothing, would escape them. In going to and from camp one of the chainmen would carry the chain and the other the pins, the mound builder would lead the pony, upon which were strapped the stakes, our lunch basket, the spade, and any clothing we did not need for the time being, so each of these people had one hand with which to fight mosquitoes. But the surveyor carried his compass on one arm and his Jacob-staff on his shoulder, held in place by the other hand, so he had no hand to fight these little torments and had to resolve to let them bite, and march on. At night we would close the tent air tight to prevent being annoyed by them.

Well, things went on without much change until one day we were at work in the vicinity of the point now known as Armstrong's grove, in the northern part of Kossuth county, when, it seemed instantaneously, the atmosphere became thick with smoke. The prairie, which had not been burned the fall before, all seemed to be on fire. The smoke absolutely prevented running a line more than a few steps at a time. In the midst of this an Indian came up to me and began to motion with his hands and fingers, I suppose to give me the idea of the number and location of the Indians. While he was going through with his gesticulations, Smith,



now Judge Smith of Algona, came up leading the pony, upon which were strapped the stakes, our coats, dinner pail, etc. The instant the pony caught sight of the Indian he reared back, jerked the strap from Smith's hand, and disappeared in the smoke. We found him the next day, however, and recovered our goods. The Indian, after vain efforts to talk with us, wrapped his blanket around his gun and strode away.

It was now quite late in the afternoon and we started for camp. We knew that our cook and camp-keeper would move during the day, with the purpose of pitching the tent near the center of the next township south, as we had hoped to finish the one upon which we were at work that day. We therefore walked in the direction of the point to which we supposed the camp would be moved, but knew we would not be able to see it in the smoke, unless we should come very near it. Night finally came on, and the horizon on every side was lurid with burning grass. We knew if our camp-keeper should build a fire to guide us into camp we could not distinguish it from the other fires on every hand. To add to our difficulties, Mr. Smith and my brother were both quite unwell. We travelled, however, until near 12 o'clock, when we found ourselves in low ground and concluded we might have passed our camp and instead of getting nearer to it might be going away from it. So we lay down in the grass and smoke to rest until daylight. Our coats were strapped to the pony and the night was chilly. It was a hard night.

The next morning we found ourselves in a bottom near the Des Moines and on looking off to the south, about three-fourths of a mile, we saw our tent. Our cook fairly leaped for joy when we came into camp. He had known the night before we would be confused by the fires, so he had built a fire on a knoll and ran around it for hours hoping we would see him. He was a noble, faithful young man. Well, this was Sunday, and of course we spent the day in camp. Before night we found it a fortunate circumstance that we were all there. About 10 o'clock we discovered coming from the northeast and steering southwest, in the direction of the

west fork of the Des Moines, a long procession of Indians. The squaws were leading ponies to which were attached tents, tent-poles, papposes and all the paraphernalia of an Indian camp. They passed about half a mile west of us. When opposite our camp some thirty or forty of the Indian men turned off and came to our tent. They gathered around the tent, some of them went inside, and others peered into it and around it from the outside. They asked for food. I motioned to them that we had to stay three or four moons, and had only enough to last, and that we could not get more nearer than Mankato, Minnesota, or Fort Dodge. Then they asked for tobacco, of which we had a pretty good supply, and gave them enough to fill their pipes. They sat for a while and smoked and talked among themselves. Finally they got up and began to walk around and through the tent and handle various things. We had a couple of sacks of flour and two of the boys had spread a blanket over them and taken a seat on them. One of the boys spread a blanket over our sack of beans and our sugar and coffee and had taken a seat upon them. On the outside of the tent we had a barrel about half full of pickled pork. They gathered around this, took off the cover, looked in, and finally one reached down and took out of the brine a good sized piece of pork and put it under his blanket. I knew if we permitted him to keep it that it would be a signal for them to take more, and all. We could talk among ourselves without their understanding what we said, and we agreed that the only way to protect our camp from robbery was to put on a bold front, and if necessary defend ourselves as best we could. So when the Indian had put the pork under his blanket, I walked up to him, took it out, threw it into the barrel and put the lid on. Another one picked up a tin cup and acted as if he proposed to keep it. I took it away from him and threw it into the tent. Then a young buck picked up a bell which we had to put on one of the horses when they were out grazing. He buckled the strap around his leg and walked slowly away, while the whole contingent set up a loud guffaw. We agreed that they were testing our patience

and courage. I therefore seized a section stake and followed him a few rods from the tent, confronted him with the stake in hand, pushed him back towards the tent, and motioned him to unbuckle the strap. He looked at me with a most surly scowl for half a minute, and I looked him in the eye. He finally unbuckled it and threw the belt toward the tent, and I gave him a push from it. I then walked back to the tent and stood among them, assuming as much as possible an air of indifference in regard to them. They finally began to talk among themselves, and then asked for tobacco. We gave them tobacco to fill their pipes, and, after they had lighted them and taken a few whiffs, they marched off.

During all this performance with the red scoundrels it never occurred to me that our lives were in danger. My only anxiety was to protect our food and property, as I thought they intended to rob us. But two years after this when I learned of the Indian massacre at Spirit Lake, in which undoubtedly a part of these savages were engaged, I thought of that Sunday on the prairie and was thoroughly scared.

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GOOD NEWS FROM GENERAL DODGE.—We learn from the operator in this city, that Major General Dodge is at Nashville. It is confidently believed that his wound is not fatal. He was able himself to send a telegram from Nashville to his family in Council Bluffs. It will be a glorious thing for this country if General Dodge shall get up squarely on his feet in good time to assist in winding up the campaign of this year. His death would unquestionably be a great blow to his family and personal friends, but it would be an infinitely greater blow to his country.—*Iowa State Register*, Aug. 28, 1864.

## THE BURIAL OF A WAR CHIEF.

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BY HORACE M. REBOK, U. S. INDIAN AGENT, TOLEDO, IOWA.

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Ma-tau-e-quā, the last war chief of the Sac and Fox Indians, of Iowa, who knew what it meant to meet the enemy in open battle or to take him from ambush in the pioneer days of the State, died in camp along the Iowa river about four miles west of Tama at sunrise on the morning of October 4th, at the advanced age of eighty-seven years. The old chief had been in failing health for several years, but the serious illness which led to his death was two months in duration, and in the end he was the victim of consumption, one of the diseases that is responsible for a very high death rate among these Indians.

Ma-tau-e-quā was born at Dubuque, Iowa, in 1810, and had the place and date tattooed on his right arm. In physique, habits, customs and mental endowments, he was a typical Indian of the warrior days. While he was always reticent in speaking of his personal activities in the early events which filled the pioneer days with stories of war, adventure and romance, the men of his tribe hold as sacred legacies the traditions of the part Ma-tau-e-quā played in some of the early struggles along the Mississippi river and in Iowa. He was not of royal blood. He never laid hereditary claims to leadership, yet even in his young manhood he was recognized as one of the strongest characters of his tribe and was the last one of the five sent out on the tribe's return from Kansas to find a suitable abiding place in Iowa, and on July 13, 1857, he, in company with his four associates, purchased eighty acres of land from one of the early settlers in Tama county for \$1,000. When these scouts were sent out by the tribe the Indians were residing temporarily at various points between Iowa City and Ottumwa, but soon after the selection of a location in Tama county the members of the tribe came to this place, and to their original tract of





MA-TAU-E-QUA.

The last War Chief of the Sac and Fox Indians of Iowa.



eighty acres there has been added from time to time adjoining farms of white settlers until today they are in possession of nearly three thousand acres. During most of the period of their residence in Tama county, Ma-tau-e-qua was the strong man of the tribe, especially in more recent years. He was no king, but he was a king-maker. He was the Warwick of the Musquakies. When the old chief who brought the Indians back into Iowa died, and his son was young and timid, it was Ma-tau-e-qua who called about him the head men of the tribe and had Push-e-to-neke-qua, the present ruling chief, proclaimed the chief of the tribe, and through all these years Ma-tau-e-qua has been the mainstay of the ruling chief. Within the knowledge of the writer, these two men never failed to stand together on any important matter, and while the king is more progressive in his methods than the king-maker, he never advanced beyond where his Warwick would acquiesce, and it must be said to the credit of this barbarian warrior that he had a happy faculty of cheerfully acquiescing in the inevitable. He was a strong opponent of education and the last time the agent discussed the question with him he ended his reply by saying, "May be, after I am dead."

Ma-tau-e-qua's burial on Tuesday afternoon, October 5th, at one o'clock, was attended with considerable interest and many of the business men from Montour, Tama and Toledo paid their respects to his memory by calling at his late wigwam, and quite a number attended his burial. Judge Burnham adjourned the district court at Toledo to accompany the agent to the funeral, in company with Inspector A. J. Duncan, of Washington, D. C., and Hon. S. M. Endicott, of Traer. The burying ground where Ma-tau-e-qua's body rests is situated on the south slope of a high bluff along the north bank of the Iowa river about an eighth of a mile east of the "Narrows" where the Chicago & Northwestern Railway passes between the bluff and the dam. The body had been carefully prepared and preserved according to Indian methods and customs, and was dressed in the regalia of a war chief. It was wrapped in a blanket and laid on a

frame-work of poles over which was spread a new piece of matting woven by Indian women from rushes in beautiful designs of various colors. Before his death the old chief had selected Pa-to-ka to have charge of his burial and had given minute directions as to all the appointments, and all his directions were closely followed. He was buried in a rough coffin, in a sitting posture, the painted feather in his hair coming just to the edge of the ground, his face to the west, and his face and breast laid bare. Otherwise he was clad in moccasins, leggins and blanket, and adorned with beads and paint much as he had appeared on many important occasions. In the coffin were placed a bottle of water, a small vessel containing food, an Indian hand-bag containing many little articles that would be useful on the journey to the happy hunting ground, and his two walking sticks. Then a lid was placed over the lower part of the coffin, covering the limbs of the body, leaving the chest exposed, and over the lid of the coffin were spread several blankets. All the blankets and clothing used by the deceased during his sickness were placed in the grave. After the body had been arranged in the coffin, Wa-pellu-ka, an old man who had fought in more than one historic battle side by side with Ma-tau-e-quah, delivered an address in the Indian language at the grave, and, according to the Indian custom, was the first to sprinkle tobacco into the grave. In this ceremony he was followed by all the other Indians present who passed around the grave as they sprinkled holy tobacco into the coffin, and one of their number sat by the open grave for several minutes and in a low monotone performed the last rites. The tobacco used in their burial exercises is raised by a few of the priests of the tribe on a small patch of ground set apart for that purpose, and is used only in connection with their religious ceremonies.

No ground was permitted to touch the body, and after the body had been properly arranged in the coffin a gable roof constructed of boards was placed over the open grave; over the boards a canvas was spread and the grave was in-



closed with a crib-work of oak poles and the angular space between the roof and the poles was filled with earth.

After the grave had been finished Wa-pellu-ka closed the ceremonies with brief remarks in the Indian language. A heavy pole was then erected at the west end of the grave about four feet out of the ground and on it was painted by George Morgan, the secretary of the tribe, a few emblems to characterize events in the life of Ma-tau-e-quā. At the left was painted the picture of a bear, representing the band of the Bear to which Ma-tau-e-quā belonged, and opposite was painted the picture of an eagle. Under the eagle was the bust of a man and under this the name of Wa-pellu-ka written in Indian, and a gun. Wa-pellu-ka belongs to the band of the Eagle. Lower down are five horizontal marks which are used to represent an event in the life of Ma-tau-e-quā and Wa-pellu-ka, wherein they had an encounter with four Pawnee Indians in Kansas and fought side by side for several hours leaving the field with the scalps of their four enemies dangling at their belts. The stake contained beside these characters, the picture of a Sioux buck and a Sioux squaw, and one mark under each, indicating that Ma-tau-e-quā had killed one of each.

At this point, Pa-to-ka, who was in charge of the burial, took all the effects left by the old warrior and divided them among the six other men who had assisted him in the burial. Before the exercises were finished all the white visitors left the grounds except Mr. O. B. Chitty, and in the distribution of gifts he was kindly remembered as the only representative of the white race. The exercises at the grave lasted about two hours.

In conclusion, it may be added that stoicism has reached its highest point among these people and that their funerals are conducted with no sign of emotion.

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THE FIVE BOOKS OF HISTORY.

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In the study of the phenomena of history scientific men resort to five great classes of records. The geologic record of man we may call the stone book. It records but a meagre tale; the rock-leaved bible of geology has but a postscript devoted to mankind, but in it are facts which prove to be of profound interest. In ruins of habitations and vestiges of arts a story is told of developing activities in all of the five great departments of art. Let us call this the ruin book. It is a strange book, studied by aid of the pickax and shovel. Some times habitations are found in ruins piled one over another, giving evidence of the occupancy of sites for many centuries during the successive culture-periods extending from ruder to higher life. In the sarcophagi and in the chambers of death many vestiges of culture are found, and often inscriptions are discovered, all of which are now of priceless value. It is thus that the tombs of the ancients constitute a book of history. Let us call it the book of the tombs. All of the humanities may be studied in various stages of growth by studying the forests of tribes and nations scattered over the face of the earth. A host of men are engaged in scientific research for the purpose of discovering the characteristics of the five great systems of humanities as they are represented in the daily life of the peoples. This is found to be a book of many books, gathered into libraries of tribes and nations. Let us call this the folk book. Gradually man has developed written speech. He has learned to write his thoughts in glyphs of meaning on rocks, on bark, on the skins of animals, on tablets of stone and clay, and on parchments made of many fibers. These records of the past are of priceless value for the lessons of history which they teach. Let us call this the Scripture book. Thus modern history resorts to the stone book, the ruin book, the tomb book, the folk book and the Scripture book for the materials to be used in discovering and formulating the development of the industries, pleasures, languages, institutions and opinions of mankind.

—*Maj. J. W. Powell in Science.*



Head Quarters  
Valley Forge  
March 9<sup>th</sup> 1778

Lieut. Gibbs, Dep.  
Capt. Conifer

For / Send Lieut. Livingston and  
sixty men to Kossington, as an escort to Messrs.  
Richards, Ely, and Potts, as far as West  
Chester and with the enclosed order for the  
transfer to his command, of the recruits horses  
and waggon awaiting there, an escort to Head  
Quarters.

G. Washington  
Com<sup>d</sup> in chf

MILITARY ORDER BY GEN. WASHINGTON.

The original of this facsimile order, written by Gen. Washington, belongs to "The Aldrich Collection" in the Iowa Historical Department. It was presented by Hon. Charles B. Richards, formerly of Fort Dodge, Iowa, and mentions one of his great-uncles. The writing is fading and it is copied here to more effectually secure its perpetuation.



# ANNALS OF IOWA.

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## EDITORIAL DEPARTMENT.

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### THE FOUNDING OF PELLA.

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We are certain that our readers will not only greatly enjoy the very interesting leading article in the present number of *THE ANNALS*, but place a high estimate upon it as presenting an accurate history of one of the most important movements connected with the early settlement of our State. With facile pen Mr. Cyrenus Cole traces the history of this migration from its origin—growing out of differences in religious opinions and a determination to go to a land where “freedom to worship God” was guaranteed to all—to its full fruition on the soil of Marion county. Mr. Cole is thoroughly well-informed on this subject. His father and grandfather (and his mother, who was then a young girl,) were members of the band of immigrants. The story is most pleasantly told. Hitherto it has been like a sealed book. Of its inspiration, the names and parts borne by the principal actors, the honest, earnest ambition of all connected with it, their industrious and frugal habits, their zeal and enthusiasm, their love of their new country, their intense loyalty during the late civil war, and the success and well deserved prosperity which have crowned their lives, little has been hitherto known. All this and much more Mr. Cole has set forth. The article will be read with deep interest, and it will carry forward to other times a very accurate but necessarily brief account of these praiseworthy people. “Dominie Scholte” was a familiar figure about the legislatures of 35 to 50 years ago, and it was due to his thorough scholarship that our Governors’ Biennial Messages and Inaugural Addresses were regularly translated into the Holland language.

## SOME LETTERS BY GOV. KIRKWOOD.

Soon after the outbreak of the rebellion in 1861, apprehensions arose that there might be trouble along the southern frontier of this State from incursions of guerrillas or regular Confederate forces from Missouri. The attention of Gov. Kirkwood was early directed to providing some adequate means of defense. His chief reliance at that time, in the management of these border affairs, was upon the Hon. Caleb Baldwin, who was afterwards Chief Justice of the State. In order to give him sufficient authority to act, Gov. Kirkwood appointed him to the office of Colonel of the Militia of the State of Iowa, "to take rank from the 25th day of April, 1861." As a matter of course a great deal of correspondence ensued. We have none of the letters of Judge Baldwin, but copies of three of Gov. Kirkwood's have come into our hands, with a promise of the originals for the Historical Department. We have strong hopes of hereafter securing the remainder of the correspondence on both sides. Upon this occasion, however, we can only present the three letters of which we have received copies. It will be noticed that our "war governor" wasted no time upon the matter of style, but expressed himself in plain, vigorous English which no one could fail to comprehend. These letters are indicative of his grasp of the situation and of his straightforwardness and directness in the transaction of more important public business than ever before or since devolved upon a Governor of Iowa. They are as follows:

## I.

IOWA CITY, June 20, 1861.

*Hon. C. Baldwin, Des Moines, Iowa:*

DEAR SIR: Edwards,\* I presume, is now in the district assigned him, embracing Decatur County. He has by this time powder, lead and caps, and has some money. I am moving heaven and earth to get arms, and would try the other place if I thought there was any chance. I have E. Clark† now in New York to try to get arms without money or money to

\*Hon. John Edwards, Speaker of the Iowa House of Representatives of 1860, and later a brigadier-general.

†Hon. Ezekiel Clark, a prominent business man, State Senator from Johnson County, etc.

get arms. He and Dodge\* meet there this week and if the thing can be done they will do it.

I will send you on Saturday 40 rifled muskets and accoutrements complete, several kegs of powder and another cannon, to the Bluffs. Call on Auditor Cattell† and get a draft on my secret service fund for two hundred and fifty dollars (\$250). You can give the muskets to the company in Fremont, if they are right—but you must be responsible that they are the right men to get arms and have the pluck to keep and use them.

I have received today a dispatch from Dodge. He has got an order from Cameron‡ accepting 3 more regiments of infantry and one of cavalry from this State. Dodge is to be colonel of one infantry regiment and it is to be camped at the Bluffs. I expect him here in a few days and as soon as he comes will reorganize the 4th regiment and give you an entire regiment on the slope, and at once put them in rendezvous at the Bluffs.

This I think will make you all right out there.

Very truly,

SAMUEL J. KIRKWOOD.

## II.

EXECUTIVE OFFICE, IOWA, June 24, 1861.

*Hon. C. Baldwin, Council Bluffs, Iowa:*

DEAR SIR:—The regiment which is to rendezvous at Council Bluffs will be made up of the four companies already selected for the fourth regiment from Guthrie, Pottawatomie, Mills and Page, and six other companies to be selected by you from the south-western portion of the State. There are companies in Taylor, Decatur, Montgomery, Adams, Lucas, Ringgold, Madison and perhaps other counties, from which to select.

Dodge is to be colonel of that regiment. Order them to Council Bluffs just as soon as they can get there and be quartered. Advise me immediately how soon they will be in Council Bluffs, so that I can inform the War Department and have a mustering officer there to take them into United States service by the time they arrive.

I send you a circular asking your particular attention to that part concerning clothes, which try and have carried out.

Very truly,

SAMUEL J. KIRKWOOD.

## III.

DES MOINES, IOWA, Sept. 1861.

FRIEND BALDWIN:—Withrow§ read me a letter received from you on yesterday. I had written you before I received your letter to him. I fully

\*Grenville M. Dodge, the distinguished soldier who rose to the rank of major-general.

†Hon. Johnathan W. Cattell, then of Cedar county, Auditor of State, and afterwards State Senator from Polk county.

‡Hon. Simon Cameron, Abraham Lincoln's first Secretary of War.

§Hon. Thomas F. Withrow, reporter of the Supreme Court. He had also served as private secretary to Governors Lowe and Kirkwood.

appreciate your situation, because I am laboring under similar but greater embarrassments.

Except in the matter of arms intended for Dodge's regiment, which I ordered sent, but were not sent, I have done more for your region than for any other. The arms intended for Dodge were detained contrary to my express orders at the time the battle was fought at Athens, in Missouri, opposite Croton, in Iowa. The people near there learning the intended attack took possession of the arms, and before the danger was over learned that Dodge had gone on to Missouri, and supposing the arms were for his regiment and that he would be armed at St. Louis, still kept the arms. I was then in Washington. When there, I had shipped to my address 3,000 muskets; of these 1,000 are ordered to you, and you will get them unless Fremont gets hold of them before they are started to you. I have no money to get arms. Dodge had bargained for 800 carbines, 800 revolvers and 800 sabres, for me, but when the time came for delivery I had no money to pay for them and could not get them. Arms can be bought only for cash, and you have as much of that as I have. It is next to impossible to get arms from the U. S. The government finds it very difficult to arm the men it is receiving, and it is almost an impossibility to get any arms for any other men. Your people should not expect impossibilities, for if they do they will be disappointed. I can't give what I have not and can't get. I think there is no doubt of your getting the 1,000 muskets—the only fear is that before they were started across the State to you Fremont learned their whereabouts. If so, he will take them. If he has, I will try to gather up others, but have fear I can't.

You say you are under protest—so am I. You are bound individually for large sums—so am I, for more than I am worth—and the consolation we both have is that we are cursed by those who neither know what we have done nor have done anything themselves.

I think the auditing committee\* will be with you next week—certainly before the 20th. As soon as they get through with you I can get some money at Washington. You may rest assured that all is being done that can be done, and if the people will not be content with that they must be discontented. If our people would spend some of their time in effecting the sale of our bonds, thus furnishing the means to get what is needed, instead of spending all their time in cussing me for not doing what I have no means to do, the effect would be decidedly beneficial.

About your cannon I said on yesterday all that is necessary. If your judgment says—get them there—I say get them. If this is not satisfactory to you, then get them although you may be in doubt, the cost is nothing, if the guns are necessary.

Are the brass pieces with you yet? If so, have plenty of ammunition prepared—get things in as good shape as you can, for I fear trouble. I

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\*This State Auditing Committee consisted of Schuyler R. Ingham, John N. Dewey, and F. R. West, all of Des Moines. Dewey and West died some years since. Col. Ingham now resides in New York City.



will have your arms if possible. If I can't get them I will go out among you in case of trouble and share your danger. I will know more about arms as soon as I get back.

Very truly,

SAMUEL J. KIRKWOOD.

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## A FORGOTTEN CENSUS.

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It has been well known that an enumeration of the population of Wisconsin was taken in 1836, when what is now the State of Iowa was a part of that Territory. That work has been mentioned in the prefaces or introductions to other enumerations, and the aggregate of our population at that time included in summaries of these statistics. The State of Wisconsin in quite recent times has published so much of that first census as pertained to her own present territory, but that of the region west of the Mississippi has remained in the original manuscript, now dingy with age, in the archives of that State. A few months ago Dr. Benj. F. Shambaugh of the Iowa State University, while making a search for original documents in the archives of Wisconsin unexpectedly found this interesting document. He copied so much of it as refers to Dubuque county, proffering the manuscript to the Historical Department for publication. By authority of the Trustees, it has been printed in a neat pamphlet of 47 pages. This is now ready for distribution, and will soon be sent to public libraries and the press throughout the State. The document has been carefully edited by Prof. Shambaugh, who has supplied it with a historical introduction. This is the first appearance of the first census taken in Dubuque county. It is a very simple affair as compared with the elaborate census of the present decade. The names of the heads of families are all given. These are followed by an enumeration of—"I. Males over 21 years. II. Males under 21 years. III. Females over 21 years. IV. Females under 21 years." Dr. Shambaugh has "followed the original manuscript literally as to spelling, capitalization, punctuation," etc., even including palpable errors. He proposes to revisit Madison and copy the census of "Demoiné

county." This will also be published by the Historical Department sometime in 1898. When this last pamphlet appears all of the enumerations that have been made in Iowa will have been in print. The most important of our census publications were those of 1880, (which included summaries of all the enumerations back to 1836), 1885 and 1895, the last of which was issued but a few months ago. A few copies only of the valuable volume of 1885 are left in the Capitol for distribution, while the edition of 1836-80 is wholly exhausted. The Iowa State Historical Society at Iowa City, however, owns a few surplus copies of this last Report. The 1895 volume may be had on application to the Secretary of State. As a hint to Iowa librarians it may be stated that the scarce volumes can doubtless be "picked up" within their own counties. They are indispensable in every well-equipped Iowa public library and within a short time cannot be had at all. Aside from statistics, these volumes contain much important historical information which is in frequent request. But of the various more limited Iowa census publications—some fifteen or sixteen in number—the most of which appeared in pamphlet form—all long ago disappeared from the State document room, excepting only a few of 1875. They are now only to be had as one may accidentally find them here and there. It is doubtful whether a complete file is anywhere in existence.

### "THE WOES OF SLAVES."

Recollections of American Slavery have well nigh gone out of the minds of the people, and more especially of the generation which has grown up since the war of the rebellion. Surviving soldiers occasionally mention the contraband camps, in which fugitives from slavery, who sought the protection of the Union armies, were congregated for support and protection. We have been accustomed also to read in war stories how slaves fed and protected and piloted on their journeys Union soldiers who had escaped from rebel prisons and were making their way back to our army. In such

emergencies the loyalty and friendship of the colored man, the poor oppressed slave, could always be depended upon. But of the terrible barbarities of that "peculiar institution," little realizing sense seems to remain. These facts make especially pertinent the thrilling narration of Major S. H. M. Byers which appears in the preceding pages. He gives a clear and succinct statement of how slavery appeared to intelligent Iowans who visited the South in *ante-bellum* times, portraying the haughty spirit which it bred in the owners of human chattels, and the pain and suffering too often inflicted upon its patient, unresisting victims. How those practical "abolitionists"—the soldiers in the army—dealt with slavery and slaveholders, is also graphically set forth. This paper is a record of personal experiences—the most reliable and valuable historical data.

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#### AN ERROR CORRECTED.

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Those who read the preceding number of *THE ANNALS* (pp. 232-234) remember that reference was made to a twice-published statement written long ago by Maj. William Williams of Fort Dodge, to the effect that Mr. Charles Aldrich had opposed the just payment by the State of compensation to the patriotic volunteers who marched and suffered in the Spirit Lake Expedition of 1857. While that article fully set forth the facts of the case, we have since received a letter from Hon. John F. Duncombe, Capt. of Co. B. in the expedition, who refers to the matter as follows:

"I was in Europe when the statement made by Maj. Williams, which was published in *The Chronicle*, was first read by me. I was astonished at it and very much grieved on account of your kindness. It was certainly overlooked by my son, the editor of *The Chronicle*. No doubt these remarks were made by Major Williams when he was greatly excited in some political campaign. This part of the article certainly would not have been published had it come under my observation. Maj. Williams' son furnished these papers to my son and I presume this statement escaped his notice. I know that it is not a correct expression of the views of Maj. Williams before his death. As you know, he was a very impetuous man, and when excited expressed himself very severely, and half an hour after would be perfectly reconciled to the person with whom he was angry, and become his very best friend—as was the case I have no doubt, as far as you were concerned. I know personally that the statement was a mistake and that you did not oppose the payment of the bills incurred in the Spirit Lake Expedition."

## HOW PENNSYLVANIA SAVED HER HISTORY.

Up to the year 1851 the archives of the Keystone State, connected with the colonial and revolutionary periods, were "in an extremely exposed and perishing condition," wrote Gov. William F. Johnston, in his Annual Message to the Legislature. He said:

These records are worth preservation, as containing authentic information of the action of our fathers in the struggle for national existence. In the capital of Pennsylvania and with the sympathies of her patriotic people, was independence matured and declared. Her soldiers were most numerous around the standard of the nation, and there were more battlefields on her soil than in the same area elsewhere. *Every memorial of those days of devotion and trial should be faithfully preserved.* There exists a single copy in manuscript of the minutes of the Revolutionary Executive Council, a document by far too valuable to remain longer within the reach of accident or mutilation.

The Senate appointed a select committee to consider the subject, the chairman of which was Hon. H. A. Muhlenberg—an honored name in that commonwealth and in our revolutionary annals. The committee considered the subject, and reported at length, saying among other things:

The importance of the subject to which the attention of your committee has been directed, can scarcely be exaggerated. In it is involved the decision of the question, whether the history of Pennsylvania shall be preserved and made public, or whether it shall remain liable to all the accidents and risks incident to the preservation of manuscripts, which may at any moment be destroyed, and which the hand of time is slowly but surely effacing. Should that prove to be the case, the early authentic history of this great State will be irrevocably gone, and *our descendants, at some future day, will bitterly execrate the parsimony of their ancestors, who, to spare a trifling expense, which could easily have been borne, have condemned them to remain in ignorance of the authentic history of their native State.*

There is much more to the same effect. The legislature took prompt action on the subject, and because it did, Pennsylvania is now the proud possessor of the materials of her early history in printed books, so precious that many sets are extant, one of which may be found in our State Library. South Carolina, Georgia and Alabama, are preserving their war history with the same conscientious care. So are Wisconsin, Minnesota, Kansas and Nebraska. Who will contend that the history of Iowa is less worthy of preservation than that of any other State in the Union?



NOTABLE DEATHS.

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CHARLES EDWIN WHITING was born in Otsego county, New York, January 17, 1821; he died at Onawa, Iowa, December 2, 1897. In the year 1837, when he had reached the age of sixteen, his parents removed to Lake county, Ohio, where they settled on a farm. The son remained at home until he was twenty-two, when he went to Alabama and engaged in merchandising, in which he was quite successful. But in 1850 he went to California, returning in 1853. He engaged in various business enterprises with a good degree of success, until 1855, when he settled in Monona county, purchasing over 7,000 acres of land, from which he developed one of the finest farms in the State. This farm, from its great size, as well as from his thorough modes of agriculture, has had nothing to surpass it in Iowa. It is a princely estate. Mr. Whiting was a democrat and always considered one of the representative men of his party. He was a candidate on several occasions—for the most part against his own inclinations—and was elected to the State Senate in 1883. His record there was that of a strong, independent legislator, who seemed actuated by the largest sense of justice. In the year 1885 his party nominated him for governor against Gov. Larrabee. In this contest he was defeated. Gov. Boies appointed him a member of the Board of Regents of the State University, where he served six years. In his own town and county Mr. Whiting enjoyed a large degree of popularity, and had he been more aggressive in his nature, with an ambition for political preferment, there is no doubt that he would have filled many distinguished positions. As it was, his political honors came to him unsought. His aspirations seemed rather for a quiet life, in which he became one of the model farmers of the West. His death brought forth the highest encomiums from the press of the State regardless of party affiliations.

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GEORGE SHIPP was born in Center county, Pennsylvania, July 12, 1815; he died at Webster City, Iowa, November 18, 1897. His parents removed to Ohio during his boyhood, where they were also early settlers. The subject of this notice entered a store in Millersburg, Ohio, in 1833, where he was employed as a clerk. After a service of four years he returned to Wayne county, where he engaged for some years in business on his own account. He went overland to California in 1852, taking with him a herd of cattle and horses. Returning to Ohio two years later, he lived there until 1857, when he removed to Iowa and settled in Webster City. Here he engaged in merchandising, becoming an important factor in the early business and social interests of the town. He was one of three or four citizens who organized the first Congregational church, and the second man in the county to be elected recorder and treasurer—the two offices being then united in one. He was one of the founders of the Farmers' National Bank, and for many years its vice-president. During his early years in Iowa he devoted much time and attention to the public schools of Webster City. In short, he was a well-known and most useful pioneer citizen of Hamilton county—honest and always reliable in his dealings, genial and kindly in his manners, a model husband and father, and a pillar of the church of which he was a life-long member.

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JUDGE JOEL BAILEY, the oldest and most venerated pioneer of Delaware county died November 8, 1897, at the age of eighty-three. Judge Bailey was born in Otsego, New York, in 1814. He was left an orphan at the age of nine years. In youth he learned the trade of making gun barrels, and later the

art of surveying. In 1835 he came to Milwaukee, Wisconsin, then a small hamlet, and boarded at the first hotel opened in the town. It was kept by a half-breed and his Indian wife. In 1836, in company with some government engineers, he surveyed for six months on the Rock river, and during that time saw no white settler. In 1837, with government engineers, he came into Iowa and surveyed parts of Delaware, Dubuque and Buchanan counties. In 1839 he made claims in Delaware county, and has since, with the exception of one year spent in California, continued to reside there. Judge Bailey was active in organizing the county and was a member of the committee that selected the county seat. He had been honored with various offices; was the first county surveyor, school fund commissioner, postmaster at Bailey's Ford, when it was a stopping place on the stage line between Dubuque and Independence; county treasurer, county recorder, county judge, and was twice elected mayor of Manchester. *The Manchester Press* paid a glowing tribute to the irreproachable life and character of this pioneer.

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ROBERT T. FRENCH was born in Davenport, Iowa, July 3, 1871; he died in the General Hospital, Toronto, Canada, November 6, 1897. The brief career of this young man, which was closed so prematurely, was one of the highest promise. He was born to wealth and high social position—seemingly above the caprices of fortune—and as the world goes had no need to put forth an exertion. But he was imbued with an ambition that few possess—and the richest heritage that can adorn and bless any human life—to pursue a career of the largest activity and usefulness, with the amplest practical knowledge. First attending the public schools at home, he entered and graduated from Phillips Academy, at Andover, Massachusetts. He then entered Harvard University from which he graduated in 1893. Returning home he learned the trade of a worker in iron and steel, taking his place with other laborers and toiling night and day. He also spent some time in the Carnegie works at Homestead, Pennsylvania. He then went to Sharon, Pennsylvania, to acquire farther knowledge, and was nearly ready to return to Davenport to engage in business. While traveling in Canada with his brother, Col. George W. French, he fell a victim to typhoid fever from which he died. He was a brother of Miss Alice French, "Octave Thanet," who has won more than national fame in literature.

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HON. DAVID BUNKER was born in Guilford county, South Carolina, October 23d, 1810; he died at his home in English River township, Washington county, Iowa, June 26, 1897. His parents removed to Wayne county, Indiana, where he grew up to manhood. He came to Iowa in the spring of 1839, and settled in Washington county, where he resided until his death. He was elected county commissioner of his county in 1840. This was an office akin in its duties to that of the present county supervisors. He was elected a member of the Territorial legislature of 1842-43. During this session he presented a petition for the repeal of the odious "Black Laws." He was also a member of the 3d and 4th General Assemblies, and of the Constitutional Convention of 1857. For many years he was one of the most prominent and active men of his county, taking an active part in its development and progress. He was a typical pioneer, a man of great force of character, combining strict integrity and determination of purpose with more than the average amount of ability.

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DR. EUCLID E. FULLER, one of the oldest and best known citizens of Keokuk, died at his home in that city November 18, 1897. Dr. Fuller was born in Bedford, Massachusetts, July 20, 1822. His father was also an

eminent physician and followed the practice of his profession to the close of a long life. Dr. Fuller early developed the tastes of a scholar, and his constant study and research made him a highly useful and honored member of the medical profession. He came to Keokuk in 1856, where he afterwards resided. At the breaking out of the rebellion he joined the City Rifles. He was soon commissioned as assistant surgeon of the 3d Iowa cavalry, and served in that capacity for two years. He then engaged in hospital work as long as it was continued. In 1864 he graduated from the Keokuk College of Physicians and Surgeons, and was for some years a member of the faculty. For four years he was a member of the Board of Education. His life was one of great usefulness.

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GEN. WILLIAM THOMPSON, a veteran of the late war and a man prominent in Iowa in early days, died in Tacoma, Washington, October 7, 1897, at the age of eighty-four. In 1847 Gen. Thompson was elected to represent the First District in the Thirtieth Congress. The district then comprised all of Southern Iowa, including Polk county. The next year he was again elected, but his seat was contested by the late Hon. Daniel F. Miller of Keokuk, and the latter was finally declared entitled to the place. Gen. Thompson served as clerk of the Iowa House in the Seventh General Assembly, and again during the extra war-session of the Eighth. In the war of the rebellion he first served as Captain of Co. E. 1st Iowa cavalry. Governor Kirkwood promoted him to major of the regiment, and later Governor Stone commissioned him colonel. At the re-organization of the regular army he was made captain in the Seventh Cavalry. The last Congress brevetted him Brigadier-General.

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HON. GEORGE W. EDWARDS who was at one time prominent in the politics of this State, was buried at Mount Pleasant, Iowa, November 26, 1897. He died at Duluth a few days before that date. But the papers which chronicled this event do not state when or where he was born, nor do they give the date of his death. He published the *Mt. Pleasant Home Journal* for some years, dating from 1857; but removed to Burlington where he became associated with the late Hon. Charles Beardsley in the publication of *The Hawkeye*. In the winter of 1870 he was elected State Printer, serving two years. From this time until his death he was engaged in railroad work at Cedar Rapids and Duluth. He was one of the leading Iowa editors for many years, and a man who held a high social position wherever he resided. His wife was buried several years ago at Mt. Pleasant, whither his remains were taken to their final resting-place by her side.

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REV. FATHER JAMES ORTH was born September 1, 1818, at Mittun-on-the-Rhine; he died at St. Joseph's Hospital, Keokuk, Iowa, October 27, 1897. He received his education at the University of Bonn, Germany, but did not enter the priesthood until his arrival in this country. He was ordained by Rt. Rev. Mathias Loras, first Catholic Bishop of Dubuque. His first parish was Gutenburg, Clayton county, where he settled in 1855. He also had charge of several others—at Festina, Fort Madison, New Vienna and Keokuk. The fine hospital where he died was largely the result of his own work. He was as noted for his unobtrusive, quiet manners, as for his substantial charities throughout his whole life. He had made the finest collection of oil pictures ever brought to Keokuk, largely after the old masters. It is understood that his collection will go to St. Joseph's Hospital. He was one of the oldest priests in the diocese.

EUGENE B. DYKE was born in Oswego county, New York, January 11, 1842; he died at Charles City, Iowa, October 29, 1897. In his early life his parents removed to Rock county, Wisconsin, where he grew up to manhood on his father's farm. He received his education at Beloit College where he graduated in 1865, receiving the degree of A. B. and afterwards that of A. M. He served a year during the civil war as a private in Co. C. 44th Iowa Infantry. In 1870 he removed to Charles City, where he soon afterwards purchased *The Intelligencer* from its founder, Hon. A. B. F. Hildreth. He sold the establishment in 1874 and went to California. A year or two later he returned and repurchased the paper, remaining its editor and proprietor up to the time of his death. He served his city four years as police justice, and under President Harrison's administration held the position of postmaster.

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JUDGE BYRON A. RICE, a prominent Iowa pioneer, and for a long time a distinguished member of the Polk county bar, died in Des Moines, October 14, 1897. Judge Rice was born in the State of New York May 24, 1826. At the age of sixteen he began teaching school during the winters while he read law summers. In 1849 he removed to the West and settled in Des Moines. Here he taught the first public school and was actively connected with the early development of the town. In 1850 he was elected prosecuting attorney. In 1851 he became the first county judge of Polk county, which office he retained four years. From that time until 1876, when he retired from active life, he was conspicuous in public affairs. His character was one of strict integrity and he commanded the respect and confidence of all.

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JOHN M. STOCKDALE, a Webster county pioneer, died at his home in Washington, Pennsylvania, September 17, 1897. Mr. Stockdale was prominent in the early history of Fort Dodge, and was well known by the people in Northwestern Iowa. His native State was Pennsylvania, and there, in 1852, he was admitted to the bar. In 1854 he was elected to the State legislature. In 1857 he was appointed by President Buchanan register of the government land office at Fort Dodge, Iowa. He held the office until 1861, and resided in Fort Dodge until 1865. He was a very active politician, and the old settlers of Hamilton and Webster counties still bear him in remembrance. In later years he adopted the profession of journalism and was at the time of his death conducting *The Washington Review and Examiner*.

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REV. JOSHUA M. CHAMBERLAIN was born on a farm near West Brookfield, Massachusetts, October —, 1826; he died at his home in Grinnell, November 11, 1897. He graduated from Dartmouth in 1855 and afterwards took the theological course at Andover. He removed to Iowa in the fifties, and after pastorates in Des Moines and Eddyville, located in Grinnell. For a short time he was editor and proprietor of *The Grinnell Herald*. But since 1872 his ability and energy have been wholly devoted to the interests of Iowa College. He served on the board of trustees for more than a third of a century, and at different times held the positions of secretary, treasurer and librarian. He was a pioneer not only in the religious but in the educational field, and was efficient everywhere.

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ERWEN B. CAMPBELL, the oldest resident of Armstrong Grove township, died at his home in Armstrong, Emmet county, Iowa, September 19, 1897. He was born in Scotland and at the age of 16 enlisted in the English army.



He served in the Crimean war, taking part in the battle of Balaclava and the siege of Sebastopol. Later he came to America and made his home in Iowa. At the breaking out of the civil war he enlisted in Co. G. 12th Iowa Infantry, and was in the thickest of the fight at Forts Henry and Donelson. At Shiloh he was captured and was for some time in Libby prison. He was promoted to the rank of sergeant. After the war he located in Emmet county, where he resided until his death.

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MRS. MARGARET FUNCK, the oldest living resident of Burlington, died in that city October 28, 1897. "Grandma" Funck was born in Germany in 1813. In 1830 she took passage for America in a sailing vessel, which required seventy-five days for the voyage. In 1836 she came to Burlington, then a settlement of four log huts and a jail, with one frame house in process of erection. Mrs. Funck boarded the members of the territorial legislature when the State House was on Front street. She was fond of relating incidents connected with those early days. A woman of sterling character and lovable disposition, she had endeared herself to a wide circle of friends.

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BREVET BRIGADIER NELSON G. WILLIAMS died in Brooklyn, New York, December 3, 1897. He was the first Colonel of the 3d Iowa Infantry. At the battle of Shiloh where he commanded a brigade, he was so severely injured by the falling of his horse, which was shot under him, that he was compelled to leave the army. Upon his recovery he was appointed by President Grant to an important position in the New York Custom House. He has been understood to have graduated from West Point, but his name does not appear in Gen. Cullom's Biographical Register of that institution. Be that as it may, he was a brave and meritorious officer.

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DANIEL B. CLARK was born in Batavia, New York, January 9, 1819; he died at Council Bluffs, Iowa, October 1, 1897. He removed to Pottawattamie county in 1852, where he engaged in farming. During the war of the rebellion he raised a company which was assigned to the 15th Iowa Infantry as "Company H," receiving from Gov. Kirkwood the commission of captain. He served some time most creditably with his regiment, but was finally compelled by ill health to resign. As a pioneer citizen, a leading member of the Methodist church, and a brave soldier, he had become well-known throughout that section of the State.

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ALFRED TREDWAY, a pioneer citizen and merchant of Dubuque, died in that city November 5, 1897, at the age of eighty years. He was born in New York City near the Battery, August 11, 1817. His college education was received at Colchester, Connecticut. In 1851 he came west and settled in Dubuque, at that time a small lead-mining village. Here he built up an immense business enterprise and promoted throughout his long life the best interests of the community. He celebrated his golden wedding with the wife who survives him, in 1896.

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GEORGE J. BONNEY was born in New York in 1837; he died at Dubois, Colorado, November 7, 1897. He grew up to manhood at Keosauqua, Iowa. In May, 1861, he enlisted in Co. F. 2d Iowa Infantry, under Capt. J. M. Tuttle, afterwards Colonel and Brigadier General. He was in the battles of Fort Donelson, Shiloh and Corinth, and is borne in kindest remembrance by his old comrades in arms, as a praiseworthy man and a brave soldier. He was a nephew of Hon. Josiah H. Bonney, our second Secretary of State.

DR. JACKSON WATTS died in Des Moines October 16, 1897. He was born in Indiana in 1840. With his father and seven brothers he removed to Polk county, Iowa, in 1848, and was one of the oldest residents of this region. In 1859 he began the study of dental surgery, and at the time of his death was eminent in his chosen profession, enjoying the reputation of being one of the best dentists in the West.

REUBEN C. ROCK who died November 4, 1897, in Cedar Rapids, was one of the oldest settlers of Linn county. He was born in Litiz, Pennsylvania, in 1820. In 1850 he came to Cedar Rapids and was the first person to engage in the hardware business in that city. Mr. Rock was one of the best educated men in the county, and his wide knowledge and excellent judgment rendered him a most valuable citizen.

CAPT. W. A. HUNTER died at Malvern, Iowa, December 11, 1897, at the age of 84 years. He was once a student in the law office of Edwin M. Stanton, Steubenville, Ohio, but later on became editor of a journal advocating the abolition of slavery. He was a fearless and able defender of what he deemed to be right. He was the father of Hon. J. D. and Capt. J. R. C. Hunter of Webster City.

DAVID T. JEWELL, an old and highly respected citizen of Hamilton county, died at Jewell Junction, Iowa, November 12, 1897. Mr. Jewell was born in the State of New York in 1835. In 1877 he removed to Iowa and became the founder of the town that bears his name.

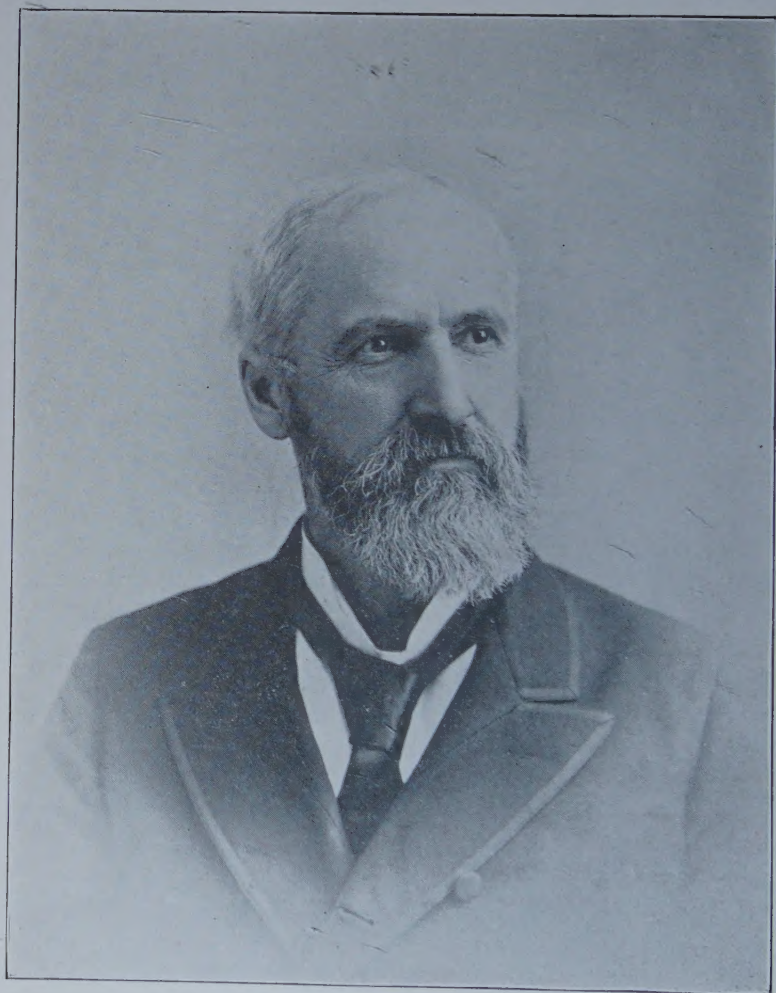
#### PORTRAIT OF GEN. HENRY DODGE.

We present in this number of THE ANNALS an etching from a portrait of this illustrious pioneer of the Northwest. The original was painted by George Catlin, in 1834, when its subject was in the prime of life, and is now owned by his grandson, Hon. W. W. Dodge, of Burlington. The Historical Department, through the courtesy of this gentleman, is in possession of a facsimile of this interesting and valuable painting, copied by Miss Hattie Binford of Burlington. The original was a miniature, the figure being only 7½ inches in height. Our printed copy of this portrait is somewhat reduced in size, but otherwise as faithful a reproduction as can be secured in a zinc etching.

The Spirit of our land, personified,  
Is the bold Pioneer: that Spirit strong  
And restless, which hath mow'd its sinewy way  
Through the deep forest, since its first tree stoop'd  
To the sharp axe-blow. Far and wide he sees  
The wonders he has caused: the bloom—the life—  
Which glanced in broken visions through the brain  
That night beneath the branches: and as dips  
The sun within the west, he humbly hopes  
His sun will sink as gently to the tomb,  
And rise as brightly to eternal day.







*Yours very truly,  
Jesse Macy.*

JESSE MACY, A. M.

Professor of History and Political Science, Iowa College, Grinnell. Author of  
"Our Government," "The English Constitution," &c., &c.